

THE GEM,

A Literary Annual.

" Buds and Flowers begin the Year
" Song and Tale bring up the rear "

LONDON
W MARSHALL, 1, HOLBORN BARS

MDCCCXXXI

THE Editor of the GEM gives notice that, in future, he cannot undertake to return MSS. which are addressed to him without his solicitation, and respectfully recommends volunteer contributors to keep copies of the articles they send.

All articles intended for the next volume should reach the Publisher's before the end of July, 1831.

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TO

THE MOST NOBLE

THE MARCHIONESS OF WESTMEATH,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY

HER OBLIGED AND OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

Roses are pretty things, no doubt,
Wreathed round a pretty woman's arms;
And lustrous diamonds, clasp'd about
A snowy brow, have double charms:
If we had mines, if we had bowers,
Which should we bring thee, gems or flowers?

But here's a Gem, which, Fancy swears,
Will keep its hues in every weather;
And here are flowers, which, Wit declares,
His own bright hand has link'd together:
And Wit and Fancy pay their duties,
The Coxcombs! at no shrine but Beauty's.

PREFACE.

In presenting to the world another Volume of the Gem, the Editor feels a confidence derived from his experience of the past; but he has not made this use of the public favour, without acting upon the knowledge that auspicious omens ensure success only when they stimulate to exertion:—a fact of which, he ventures to hope, the following pages will be deemed to contain sufficient evidence.

The Proprietor and the Editor return their united and very warm acknowledgments to the gifted individuals who, by the exertion of their various talents, have conferred upon the Book whatever degree of value it possesses. To the public they cannot, as they believe, afford a more unequivocal proof of their deep sense of the favour with which their past efforts

have been rewarded, than by referring to the embellishments, (of which ABRAHAM COOPER, Esquire, R. A., has again kindly undertaken the choice and superintendence,) and the other contents of the present Volume, as the measure of their gratitude.

The Editor hopes that he may say thus much of a Work in which he appears only as a compiler, without seeming to prejudge a question which it is the province of the public to decide.

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The Engravings of The GEM *may be had separate, at the following Prices.*

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THE BLOODHOUND.

In the year 1750, the ears of the whole Palermitan nobility, on the Corso, were struck by the sounds of cannon from the sea. It was one of those evenings in March, which are the true heralds of May, and whose serenity, softness, and beauty, are altogether unrivalled in Europe: even the Neapolitan spring is unequal to the Sicilian. The fertility of the island seems to be inexhaustible, and the temperature of the air covers it, in the depth of winter, with flowers which, in the northern summer, will not live under the open sky.

But the approach of spring pours out the whole higher population of Palermo to the grand promenade by the northern gate, the *Porta Felice*, which fully deserves the name, from the matchless splendour, extent, and variety of its view. The neighbourhood of Palermo is crowded with mountains, of singularly picturesque forms, and covered with vegetation of all the colours of the south, high up their sides: the summits are marble pinnacles, which catch the sun-light at all hours; and, as morning, noon, or evening shines upon them, are successively

silver, golden, or bathed in a depth of purple sky. The *Corso* (the promenade) exhibits all the rank and pomp of the city enjoying the evening breeze, which, in the earlier months of the year, has a sweetness and lightness, an impression of vitality, that almost gives the idea of a delightful intoxication. On this immense mole the population wander for hours, conversing, listening to the perpetual music, which, whether of the voice, violin, or guitar, makes so prominent a part of Italian enjoyment; and watching the changes of colour on the sea, as the evening comes on; until the lights from St. Rosolia's shrine on the Monte Pelegrino, are seen, and the bell for the *ave's* is heard, which are a general signal of departure.

But on this evening, the lights twinkled from the mountain's top in vain; and the whole showy *cortége* lingered on the mole, waiting, in intense anxiety, for the result of the cannonade. It was heavy, and evidently approached; but night falls with rapidity in the climates of the south, and there was soon no possibility of seeing beyond the mole. The rumour now was, that the explosions were not the work of artillery, but of the much more powerful agent to which every Sicilian is accustomed: a new volcano was supposed to have burst out under the waters; and Palermo was to be honoured with the presence of a new Lipari island in front of its port. But this high distinction, of which, such is the national taste, the whole Sicilian populace would

have been proud, was not to be vouchsafed, even to the murmur of *ave's* and supplications to the Virgin and all the saints, that Palermo might not be for ever behind-hand with Naples, but might have something to show to the world, and boast of a Vesuvius of its own.

The cannonade was a mortal one after all. Just as the moon was touching the outlines of the Monte Mezagno with beams that made its wild sides and pointed summits look like the tracery of an immense cathedral; while Monte Cuccio on the west, and Falso-melle on the south-east, wrapped in darkness, and with only their bare tops visible, looked like colossal priests with their naked foreheads bowing down before its gates; a succession of flashes, that seemed to come up from the bosom of the water, startled the eyes of the gazers. A large galley was at length seen, dismantled and disabled in every way, but still making a desperate resistance against a squadron that now gathered round her, pouring in an incessant fire. Curiosity, however, had become a hazardous indulgence: for the balls that missed the galley, began to roll towards the beach; and one enormous shot, that took off the top of the Duca di Poltrone's new English calèche, so perfectly satisfied his Serene Highness of the absurdity of standing by to see the decision of other men's quarrels, that he dismounted instantly, and left his superb English horses to make the best of their way home by themselves, over the crowd of sudden fugitives. Night,

propitious to the Sicilian name, covered the retreat of many a gallant charioteer besides; and, before another shot could lay waste the Palermitan noblesse, the mole was as clear as if it had been a sandbank in the centre of the Mediterranean.

Morning dawned; the sun rose bright and broad as ever. Monte Pelegrino was in a blaze of day, and all Palermo flocked down to the shore. Could they believe their eyes? If magic had ever operated upon a people, it had been at work there: for neither galley nor squadron was to be seen. The sea was as destitute of ships as the top of Monte Pelegrino; or as the mole was destitute of nobility, after the shot which took off the top of the Duke's calèche. The public rumours were boundless; for there is nothing so vivid as the imagination, where a people have nothing to do. "Bella Italia" is one great Castle of Indolence; and, of course, there is no spot of the earth where imagination is more prolific. But all was in vain. The monks could make nothing of it. The Viceroy, a descendant of the grandees of Castile; a noble who looked down upon all the kings of the universe as parvenus, and wore moustachios worthy of Pelayo, or a royal tiger; held council upon council, and could make nothing of it. Even the nuns could make nothing of it. But the populace made infinite laughter of the flight of their betters: Palermo teemed with voluntary minstrels, who delivered over the chief fugitives to immortality; and the escutcheons of the leaders on the occasion

were covered with burlesque; until a new incident relieved them from the tongues of the priests, the nuns, and the poets together.

In the height of a summer's day three months after, at noon, when the sun burns so fiercely in the streets of Palermo as to give rise to the Sicilian story that Lucifer, having asked leave to take a walk through the world, and coming by accident into *Il Cassero,* (the principal street of the city,) plunged instantly down to his old place to *cool himself,*—or, as the gentler phrase says, "when none but dogs and Englishmen are abroad;"—the whole population were roused from their *siesta,* by the sound of trumpets and drums, a chorus of martial music. If those had announced an army at their gates, and if the walls, towers, and all, were to have been stormed within the next half-hour, not a Palermitan would have stirred from his pillow; each man, woman, and child, on lying down on simple flock-bed, or under silken canopy, having committed Sicily to St. Rosolia, the saint was responsible for all that might happen till dinner-time. But there was something so exhilarating in this music, that to sleep was impossible: the people started up, and rushed to their doors and windows by one impulse: and the spectacle was worth their trouble.

Since the day when the famous Count Rogero, the Norman, drove out the Mussulmans from the Cassar, and sent the carrier-pigeons with the letters dipped in blood, which extinguished the courage,

and blunted the scymetars, of the Saracen lords of Sicily; there never had been so strange, so novel, and so magnificent a sight in the high street of Palermo. It was the procession of the Prince of Tripoli, Hoseyn Abdallah, heir to the Three Castles, the Ten Temples of the Desert, the Pentapolis, and First Cousin to the Seven Planets. He was the handsomest Moor ever seen in the city; and the splendour of his horse, his turban, and his scymetar, dazzled the eyes of all the belles, the jewellers, and the dragoon officers, of that luxurious capital. He was attended by a train of guards, dagger-bearers, pipe-bearers, handkerchief-bearers, and grooms, scarcely less magnificent than himself. He was now proceeding to the Viceroy's palace, to present his letters, as ambassador from his father, Mustapha Bey, of the Tripolitan Regency, to make a treaty of perpetual alliance and friendship, which was to last, as usual, just till either of the high contracting parties found it convenient to break it.

The Viceroy received the Tripolitan Prince with Spanish dignity, but with Spanish courtesy; heard his mission through an interpreter, received a gold vessel of the genuine otto of Shiraz roses, a diamond cup of opium from the Sultan's garden at Bachtiserai, and an ataghan of the perfumed Damascus fabric; all which he returned by a speech, a bow, and a fervent wish that his Serene Highness might live a thousand years.

The Prince won the hearts of the nation by his

evident delight at every thing that he saw; and his *bon-mots* and compliments were repeated in all the leading circles, as doing extraordinary honour to the sagacity of a Moslem. He spent his time, too, in a way that attracted all hearts: for he was constantly galloping round the environs, which are proverbially beautiful; and surveying the Arabic remains with an eye of admiration.

Of all European cities, scarcely excepting Granada itself, the most oriental is Palermo. The Viceroy's palace contains a hall of divan, in which the Sultan himself might sit without discovering that he was in the land of unbelievers: it has the fretted roof, the vermilion painting, the Mosaic of mother-of-pearl, ivory, and ebony, and the sentences from the Koran; that figure in the Seraglio. But Abdallâh's peculiar delight was in the cathedral, that noble work of the twelfth century, and first monument of the skill and splendour of the Arabian architects. Day after day he was seen admiring its crowd of cupolas, that look like golden oranges on a bed of verdure, and its four towers modelled on the great mosque at Medina.

There was one deficiency in the establishment of this stately stranger,—he had left his harem behind; but this omission was looked upon as so distinguished a compliment to either the priests or the ladies of Palermo, (and each took it to themselves,) that it raised the Tripolitan Prince to the summit of popularity.

Yet all things have an end in this best of possible

worlds; and, after a fortnight's wonder, the Palermitans grew weary of being enraptured: the magnificent Moslem, beard, horses, diamonds, and all, lost his charm; and the noblesse and the populace were equally dying for want of a new wonder.

After a month of mortal *ennui*, the topic came. The approaching nuptials of Count Girolamo Farnese with Julia Calascibetta, the loveliest woman in Sicily, were, announced, and threw the whole multitude into transports of joy. Girolamo was a ruffian, but he was of high rank and birth, chamberlain to the King of the Two Sicilies, a general in the service, and heir of half the province of Puglia. His choice of a Sicilian belle, in preference to the myriad of Neapolitan, Roman, Venetian, German, and French, who assailed his heart, or perhaps his fortune, with charms of every colour, eyes of every hue, and accents of every language, was taken as a positive honour to the island; and every woman, from the muscle-gatherer at the foot of the mole to the duchess in her Milan chariot, painted with a thousand Cupids, felt herself exalted by the selection.

But Julia was worth all the Counts of Italy, if the merits of the husband were to be weighed against the black eyes of the wife. She was young, and had left her convent but a month; yet, in that time, she had done more involuntary mischief, and been the innocent cause of a greater number of intolerable sonnets, than any reigning beauty since the days of Queen Joanna. The Sicilian women, *en masse*,

disappoint the eye that has expected to see a classic land peopled by classic forms; but some of them are exquisitely handsome. They have none of the heavy features and yellow hair of the German Venus, nor the abrupt nose and feline physiognomy of the French. The black eye and the black tresses are universal; and, in some instances, the black eye has the living brightness of a star, and the black tresses are deeper than the raven's wing; the shape is slender, the profile Grecian, the movement gay, graceful, and yet dignified. Such the Sicilian beauty, a model of European loveliness.

By the habits of Sicily, the bride prepares herself for the duties of the married state, by a more assiduous attendance at church, for a week before the ceremony. Julia performed her service with the punctuality of a woman who had made up her mind to be a Countess; and even grew more fervent as the hour approached. But, on the last day of the week, her calèche had waited at the door of the cathedral until sunset, and her attendants were wondering at the zeal of her devotions; when the porter came to bar the gates for the night. No Julia was there. She had gone to the confessional of Padre Jeronimo, the most sanctified confessor within a circuit of fifty miles. But the father was now at his supper in the Refectory, and, after the next bottle of Lacryma, would be in bed. The confusion was indescribable —the convent was searched. The only conclusion was, that so fair a creature had suddenly turned

angel and gone to heaven; for not on earth, nor under the earth, was she to be found: she had vanished! Palermo had lost a beauty, the Count a bride, and the populace, what they felt worst of all, a marriage, with its fireworks, wine, and supper.

As if to make the confusion of her noble family more perplexing, Count Girolamo was to arrive the next day; but they were saved from this catastrophe: for the Count never arrived. A frighted secretary, and half a hundred valets, stripped to the skin, arrived in his place; to tell that, twenty miles from Messina, the Count's whole *cortége* had been stopped in a defile, where they found their way onward stopped by a barricade of rocks, and their way backward by a range of musquets, while the hill above them was actually alive with pikes and swords. Like true Neapolitans, they could boast of having been routed without having the inhumanity to shed the blood of a fellow-creature; and, like first-rate tacticians, they had finished their campaign without the loss of a man. The robbers had relieved them of every thing in the shape of clothes or baggage, and thus enabled them to move more rapidly, when they were once again upon the road. But Count Girolamo had been detained as a hostage for the general ransom; of which every day's delay was, according to the most legitimate code of highway law, to cost him a slice of his ear, duly forwarded to the viceroy of Palermo.

At twelve o'clock next day the remittance was punctually made; but by invisible hands. A packet

was laid on the Viceroy's table, close beside his last despatches from the court; and to his surprise at the presumption of his new correspondent, there was the slice, with a note appended to it, demanding twenty thousand ducats for the writer's trouble.

A council was summoned on the subject, in which it was strongly held, that, so far from the Count's ears being worth so vast a sum, it would have been an exorbitant purchase for his whole body, and the bodies of all his ancestors besides. But the Viceroy was too sagacious to suffer this motion to pass: he knew the value of a great-chamberlain's influence, if not of his person, and finally settled all the scruples of the council by saying, that the money was not to be drawn from their own coffers, but to be raised by a tax upon the citizens. The decision then passed unanimously; and a letter was despatched to the banditti, imploring a respite for Count Girolamo's ears until it could be levied. The next difficulty was, how to raise the money, without raising an insurrection along with it; for, on the first announcement of the measure, the Palermitans had flung the tax-gatherers from the top of the mole, and, as they saw them swimming for their lives, bade them go tell their masters that their sea-bathing was but a prelude to the general ablution of the Viceroy and council.

Yet this was but a new occasion for the magnificent Moslem's generosity. On hearing of the state emergency, he ordered his chief secretary to appear before him. "Yakoub Effendi," said he, in

a tone of evident displeasure, "have you ate of my bread, been perfumed with my rose-water, and worn my slippers?" The secretary, three times bowing to the Prince, and once towards the tomb of the Prophet, acknowledged that he held his life only by the breath of his highness, and humbly asked his pleasure. "Yakoub," was the answer, "am I to be the last to hear of the sorrows of my friends? I have slept under the roofs of this people, and must I turn my ear to the ground and say, that all is bright as the pearls that cover the grass in paradise, and smooth as the well of Zemzem? Go, take these purses to the Viceroy, and say to him that they, and more than twice their amount, are at his disposal." The announcement of the message was received with wonder by the council, and with shouts by the populace. They crowded round the gates of his palace to pour forth their thanks, and assure him of their respect for Mahomet, "though their opportunities of showing it were few." But the lordly Tripolitan had already sunk into the luxurious indulgence of his sofa. He had taken his pilaff, smoked a pipe or two, and was, at the time of this effervescence of Sicilian gratitude, in a profound slumber, or, probably, with his Prophet, flying, in spirit, on the winged horse through the thirty-three regions of the fixed stars.

The money was deposited by Yakoub on the council-table. Ten thousand sequins were, on that evening, sent off to Catania, where the bandit's let-

ter had ordered it to be paid. The other ten thousand the Viceroy put into his privy purse, as the most moderate compensation for his anxieties in the business. Yet, by some unaccountable misfortune, Count Girolamo was not forthcoming. The messenger had reached the spot in the suburbs of Catania, where he was to have found the noble captive. He found the ruins of a villa still burning, but no Count; and, while he was lingering in the neighbourhood, he was suddenly seized by a band of peasantry, who charged him with being the incendiary, searched him for papers, seized the money, which they declared to be highly suspicious, and, after detaining him for some nights in a kind of prison, sent him back to make the best of his way and his story.

But while the public tongue was busy with the melancholy fate of the bridegroom, a new event occurred, which produced a still more extraordinary sensation. Count Girolamo had left but few weepers for his misfortune in Sicily; for he had once been governor of the island, and his harshness of character, and general insolence, had so far alienated the people, that there were some plain-spoken enough to wish that the banditti had not contented themselves with nipping his noble ears, but had applied the same discipline to his tongue. But the present event was of a nature to touch the tender bosom of every female. Catherina Villa Rosata, a beautiful girl of the *Val di Noto,* was asked in marriage by

two lovers at the same time, the young Signor Fabian Diodati, and the old Marquis Manfredoni; the one a simple lieutenant of dragoons, and the other the proprietor of the salt marshes of Catania, and worth half a million of gold ducats. The lady's family was noble, but it was poor; and the old Marquis's ducats altogether eclipsed the sparkling black eyes, and handsome countenance, of the young dragoon. Catherina had formed a different estimate, and, as a proof of her opinion, had descended, the night before her proposed marriage, a ladder, reaching from the garden-wall forty feet to her chamber-window, with the purpose of abandoning Sicily, and taking the chances of the world with the man of her heart.

But love, that puts such valour into the heart of woman, often forgets to put the vigilance of her watchers to sleep. At the foot of the ladder she found the Signor; but it was in the hands of a party of soldiers, who had been posted by her family to take care that love should not carry her beyond the garden-wall. The Signor stormed, and threatened to invade the mansion with his whole regiment, sword in hand. The lovely Catherina wept, wrung the whitest hands in the world, and was borne off, fainting and longing to get rid of all her agonies in whatever way death might come most speedily. A guard was posted round the mansion during the night; and the Marquis was ready to receive his bride by daybreak. The impatience of old bridegrooms is proverbial; they

seem to be aware that they have no time to lose. This ardent lover of sixty-five came attended by relatives, and a crowd of valets, in sumptuous equipages, before the bells of the cathedral had begun to toll, or the archbishop had read the gazette. The casa of the Count Villa Rosata was scarcely awake. The Marquis, however, was welcomed with the cordiality that men feel for a son-in-law who brings half a million of ducats into a family, and gives a hope of providing for all the sons and daughters of the line.

The Count proceeded to the lovely bride's chamber. He lingered—the Marquis grew impatient—the Count was sent for. He returned at last, with a face as pale as if he had announced an earthquake, or a failure of the miracle of St. Januarius's blood: the bride was not to be found. The guard were summoned: they were all astonishment. From the moment of the Signor's arrest, they had not seen a human being enter or leave the house, except the Marquis's own aid-de-camp, who brought his excellency's presents for the Countess, and who, on giving the counter-sign, had been admitted at day-break, and gone away in a few moments after, and gone alone. This left the mystery as dark as ever. The Marquis *had* sent his aid-de-camp with the presents: they *had* been delivered to the attendant; and the aid-de-camp was now at his side. If all the wit of man had been there, nothing more could be done now than break up the meeting. The car-

riages were ordered back; the Marquis left the house, to encounter, on his way through the streets, that kind of congratulation which is given to one at whose misfortune all the world instinctively laughs; and the family of Villa Rosata saw their commissions and places scattered into empty air.

But the Marquis was not yet done with fate. In his chagrin he had reclaimed the jewels presented to Catherina, and which had been found on her toilet-table; for the proprietor of the salt marshes loved money, like all men who have infinitely more than they ever mean to make use of; and if his heart could have been seen, when his first wrath was over, it would have been discovered to be by no means displeased, that if he had not obtained the charms of a wife, he had, at least, escaped the cost of one. But Palermo was now no place for him: he drove, post-haste, to Catania; and when, from an ascent in the road, he cast his eye over the immense expanse of his salt marshes, blue and dreary as they were, he exulted in the other half-million that he was now to extract from them, undisturbed by the cares of a Marchioness. The road, within about a league of the city, sinks into a small woody dell, crossed by a shallow stream: the day was sultry, and the drivers stopped for a while, to water their horses. The Marquis fell fast asleep; until a shot shattered the glass above his head, and startled him from a glorious dream, in which he had seen himself Viceroy of Mexico, and making his grand entry over a road covered with dollars and ducatoons.

He awoke in a new world: there was not a soul within sight; three of the horses of his travelling chariot were grazing on the bank, and one was lying down in the stream to cool himself; but not a postilion, not a valet, not a human being of the dozen that had attended him up to this spot, was visible. However, there were signs of worldly visitants: for, as the Marquis opened his eyes more widely, he found that his trunks were cut away from the chariot, that his jewel case was gone, and that he was without purse, watch, or pocket-book. Never was noble personage less indebted to the gifts of fortune: but the sun was going down; in half an hour more the defile would be black as midnight, and the farce of robbery might be finished by the tragedy of putting his nobility out of the world. The Marquis was shrewd enough to draw the conclusion, and to take instant means to avoid its being realized. To harness the horses to his chariot was out of the question—for to catch them he soon found hopeless; but he could still walk, and he pushed onward for Catania. Night fell as he entered on his beloved marshes; and, for the first time, he found them intolerably long and frightfully dreary: their pestilential vapour rose up round him, and he began to think that money might be made in more merciful ways than in covering the most fertile soil in the world with a waste of sterile and deadly fen. He reached Catania at midnight, after a march which he thought would be his last, and after being be-

wildered for six hours in this labyrinth of sand, salt, and water.

That night's march gave him a moral lesson. Nothing makes a man feel the vanity of human things so much as losing his money; and nothing softens the heart so much as the fear of being shot. The Marquis, too, like most marquises, had something to repent of. In early life he had privately married a Calabrese Venus, a creature of brilliant eyes, buoyant spirits, and fond heart. He lived with her for a year, had a son, and succeeded to the Manfredoni estate and title; but, becoming a great man, and a great knave at the same time, he stole away from the fair Calabrese, and emerged into Sicilian society as the richest of bachelors. Of course, all matrons with many daughters proclaimed him the wisest, best, and handsomest of mankind; and all the daughters of those mothers fell in love with him at first sight. But in Sicily, as in the rest of the world, not even marquises have their privileges for nothing; and some of the lovers of those quick-sighted damsels, indignant at the public scorn which naturally falls upon the jilted, marked the rich and adorable cause of their rejection for instant vengeance. Manfredoni twice had a carbine-load of bullets discharged through his chamber window; was once stilettoed coming from the Opera; and lived in perpetual terror of being poisoned by his own cook.

The life of triumph was too dearly purchased on such terms; and, to make universal peace, he at

length proclaimed an aversion to Hymen, fled from a pair of rosy cheeks and coral lips as he would from a rattle-snake, and gave up his soul to merry-making, and his body to the salt marshes. He had now received another specimen of the hazard of his attractions; and he resolved, long before the toll of midnight from the cathedral tower of Catania, never to fall in love or to be beloved again.

The Palermitans were highly amused at the adventure; which, by some spell, had reached them, in all its details, with the rapidity of an Aleppo carrier-pigeon: but when the tale more slowly made its way through the silken curtains and drowsy luxury of the Tripolitan palace, it threw its whole tribe of pale-faced and tiger-moustachioed opium-eaters into roars of laughter. The gravity of the sons of Mahomet was never so shaken before. Even his Highness, Hoseyn Abdallah, was seen to smile; and, sending for his pipe, coffee, and secretary, addressed the yellow-visaged and trembling slave: "Yakoub Effendi," said his Highness. "I am here," was the answer, "at the feet of your throne, longing to kiss the dust of grandeur off the slippers of majesty." The slave bowed his forehead four times to the ground, thrice to the Prince, and once to Mecca. "What dogs those infidels are, Yakoub," said his Highness, with a smile; "they have not the honesty to lay down the fair price for a woman, nor the sense to manage her when they have made the purchase. But we must have pity for the fools who know

nothing of the Koran, and who are born, like their brother dogs, with their eyes shut, though, unlike the dogs, they never open them." He took a purse from his sash, and, throwing it on the floor, said, "Take these sequins to the unfortunate infidel, and let him buy a wife, and be comforted."—"Light of the world," said Yakoub, "he is the son of sorrow already; and a wife would be to his soul what the pepper of the isles of the yellow sea would be to the foot of the bastinadoed. Besides, the purse contains but a thousand sequins. May your slave speak the truth before he dies?"—"Speak, then, Effendi," said his Highness, "but be brief."—"Then," said Yakoub, "the truth is this: that the price of the fairest of the fair in the dominions of my lord would not buy petticoats and pincushions for the daughters of the unbelievers. They would spend more in a week in colours for their cheeks, curls for their foreheads, and combs for their curls, than would buy a harem."

His Highness was astonished, and thanked Mahomet that he was not born in a climate where combs and curls were so essential, and the colours of women's cheeks so dear. "But, take this purse," said he; "'the gifts of the mighty must not return to them, unless in thanks,' as it is written in the book of books, and distribute it among the people." The purse was forthwith carried from his Highness's presence. The secretary subtracted from it only three-fourths for his trouble, gave the remainder

to the poor, and received, in return, ten thousand blessings for his Highness, from all the mendicants of the city. Never was man so popular in Palermo.

But the public joy was soon to be dashed with grief. An unusual bustle was perceived in his Highness's palace; horses were caparisoned, sumpter mules were hired, and it was at length formally announced to the Viceroy, that the embassy was about to take leave. Nothing could exceed the noble Spaniard's regret, for his own revenue had been prodigiously benefited by the outlay of the infidel; he having mulcted every dealer with his Highness's household, from the hirer of the palace down to the seller of charcoal, in one-half his gains. The loss of the embassy was a national calamity; and to detain it, even but for a week longer, the Viceroy invited his Highness to be present at the most imposing ceremony of the church, the taking of the veil by a noble nun. All Palermo was in a tumult of delight at the news; and the handsome Moslem grew into higher favour than ever, from his thus being the promoter of the general festival. The streets echoed no longer the melancholy cries of "*O Divina Providenza! poveretto morto di fame. O boni servi di Dio, fateci la carita!*"* which the English travellers universally take for national melodies, and copy down in their journals; declaring the Italians the most musical people alive. But

* "O, Divine Providence!—A wretch dying of hunger.—O good people, give charity!" The cry of the Italian beggars.

now the air rang with shouts of "*Viva il Grande!* —*Viva Abdallah!*—*Vivan gli Moslemani!*" All was joy; with no slight tendency to the Koran, that inculcated the giving of sequins. A Mahometan missionary might have done wonders at Palermo during that week.

At length the day of public happiness dawned. All the city rushed to the cathedral at daybreak. And no building on earth could be fitter for the most sumptuous displays of the Romish worship. It was built by the Saracens, and had for many a year echoed from its gilded walls, fretted roof, and Parian and porphyry columns, the sounds of "Allah il Allah!" But the sword of Count Rogero had driven out the infidels; and, for five hundred years, the glorious cathedral had exchanged "*Allah il Allah!*" for the sounds of "*Maria sanctissima!*—*Virgo purissima!*—*Mater Dulcissima!*—*Dea celsissima!*—*Ora pro nobis!*" On this occasion, the ceremony was to be enhanced by making three nuns instead of one. The three lovely youngest daughters of the noble houses of Leonforte, Monteleone, and Pandatari, three living rosebuds, were on this day to plant their beauties in the cloister: they each had a lover, perhaps many; but the honour of their families was concerned in each bequeathing a daughter to the Church; and what is love in the child compared to honour in the parent?

The assembly was all magnificence, nobility, and rapture. Every moment increased the public eager-

ness. At length the bell tolled noon; the gates of the chancel were thrown open; every human being was on tiptoe,—every heart panted. Suddenly a scream was heard—it was followed by a confused sound of feet: and the sound was followed by the appearance of the lady abbess of the noble convent of St. Agnes de Spalatro rushing in with her veil dishevelled, and fainting in the astonished archbishop's arms. The news transpired too soon; the three nuns were *not* to be nuns; they were gone; but whether by magic none could tell. Human search was of no avail; they were not to be found within convent or cathedral. The ceremony now broke up in infinite disorder. All Palermo was scandalized, peculiarly by its failure in the presence of the great Mahometan. "What will he think of our religion?" was the cry from noon till midnight, under every roof in the city.

They were still to suffer the further calamity of his Highness's departure. Next morning, at day-break, his train was seen issuing from the Porta Felice, and passing along at the foot of Monte Pelegrino, till it reached the angle of the road leading across the island to Messina. The multitude followed him for miles, partly through gratitude, partly through idleness, for they had nothing else to do, and partly for the pauls and other coins which his Highness and his attendants occasionally threw into the road.

The noble Moslem's departure had eclipsed even the loss of the three nuns; and nothing was talked of for a week but his jewels, his horses, his pearls,

and his beard. But this topic went the way of all the rest; and Palermo was yawning away by ten thousand at a time, when it was revived by the rumour that some terrible tragedy had been done, or was doing, in the palace lately occupied by the famous Tripolitan. The rumour became more interesting by the fact, that Count Girolamo had actually made his appearance, was in the palace with a tale of the most romantic horrors, and, in a state of the highest indignation, had superseded the Viceroy, and ordered all the troops in Palermo to be under arms, at midnight, for an expedition across the mountains.

The Count's tale was curious enough, though not uncommon in the loveliest of all climates; and was true enough, though told in a land where everybody confesses to a friar once a month.

On his journey from Messina every thing had gone well for the first day; but, at night, he had been seized in his quarters at the foot of Ætna, his escort taken, and his own noble person consigned to a troop of mountain robbers, who kept guard over him in one of their dens, and practised the indignity on his noble ears which had so much excited the pleasantry of his ill-wishers at Palermo. The whole council expressed their surprise. "Further," said the Count, "I discovered, by the conversation of my guards, that a grand scheme for turning you all into the burlesque that you so richly deserve, was going on, by favour of my absence; that the fellow whom

they call Mano-di-ferro, but who is unquestionably the rejected son of the Marquis Manfredoni, after having played the pirate in every corner of the Mediterranean, had, by joining with the Maltese galleys in pursuit of a Turkish corsair off your coast, contrived to carry off the prize, and then, equipping himself in the Turk's finery, made his appearance in this most worshipful city of fools, as his Highness Hoseyn Abdallah, Ambassador of Tripoli."

The Council were dumb with wonder.

"Furthermore," said the Count, with increased indignation, "the pirate having had the unspeakable insolence to fall in love, two or three years ago, with the lady whom I intended for my bride, had the insufferable insolence to persuade her to run away with him on the very night when I was to have arrived in Palermo: and, to this hour, the Dama Calascibetta is living with the knave. Furthermore, the young Countess Villa Rosata, having been the particular friend of the Dama, this Signor Mano-di-ferro contrived to carry her off too, and save her from a marriage with a man to whom she had no other objections than that he was old, ugly, and not to her liking. Even the old Marquis was not better off than others; for the bandit managed to give him postillions and an escort out of his own troop. Of course he was robbed without further trouble. Finally, most noble and wise Council, the Signor, understanding that it pleased not his new wife that three nuns should be made in one

day, though with no other reason against it but that they hated the sight of the veil, and were in love with three coxcombs of their own choice; managed to carry off the whole three from their cells, between vespers and matins, and give them for companions to his Calascibetta."

The whole assembly started from their seats in astonishment; and, each Councillor professing that he had long suspected something extraordinary in the pretended Moslem's seclusion, demanded that a price should be set upon his head.

"Dotards," exclaimed the Count, rising, "I have not left the vengeance of Count Girolamo to sleepers like you: behold this dagger!" He drew a blade from under his cloak, red from hilt to point. "That colour is his heart's blood. Last night one of his gang led me to the cottage where he lay unguarded —I drove that weapon through his heart—I forced his perfidious wife to rise. And she is now in my palace. So may the wrongs of Girolamo be revenged!" He descended from his seat with the words, and rushed from the chamber.

The news spread instantly through Palermo; and, to believe themselves, there was not a more sagacious city under the sun. Every man had recognised the pirate in the showy Moslem from the beginning, and "had kept the secret from mere generosity." The ladies were not less aware of the retreat of the fair Calascibetta; but "they had felt that it was not becoming, to separate man and wife." However, their feelings were soon drawn to more important matters;

a summons to a grand ball at the Count's palace in celebration of his intended marriage with the fair Calascibetta. All Palermo was enchanted: the men, with the magnanimous justice which had deposed a Viceroy who suffered banditti to cut off the ears of royal chamberlains; and the ladies, with his magnanimous determination to marry at all hazards, and turn a weeping widow into a blooming wife.

The night came, the ball was given, the archbishop was in his pontificals; and the bride, tearful, pale, and in agonies of sorrow and reluctance, was forced to the altar by her family. Count Girolamo was in his cabinet waiting for the priestly summons. But a strange howl suddenly struck the general ear. All paused. In another moment the door of the cabinet was thrown open, and the Count rushed out with a look of terror: a bloodhound, of the largest breed of the Abruzzos, was at his heels. All shrank from the bared tusks and fiery eyes of the animal, which was scarcely inferior to an ordinary-sized lion. Swords were drawn; but he burst his way through all obstacles, and, with his broad nostrils, tracked the flying Count. At length Girolamo, in his despair, drawing his dagger, took refuge at the altar. The bloodhound stopped at its foot for an instant, as if measuring his victim: and then, with a roar and a tremendous bound, fastened on his throat, and tore him to the ground. The outcry was now universal: women fainted, men rushed to force away or kill the infuriated animal; but it was too

late. The bloodhound, laying one huge paw on the Count's breast, and with the other pressing down his forehead, darted his fangs into his naked throat. Girolamo made one or two desperate struggles, tried to stab the animal, failed, and sank backward. A groan and a convulsion told that there had fled the spirit of the tyrant, the man of fiery passions, and the author of many a secret murder.

Calascibetta, screaming with horror, fled from the sight,—the nobles dispersed,—a *procès verbal* of the transaction was forwarded to Court,—every house in Palermo was full of various versions of the story for a week; and then it abandoned them once more to *ennui*.

Two years after, it was announced that the old Marquis Manfredoni had died, acknowledging the son whom he had abandoned in infancy, and leaving him a million of sequins. A man, with a fourth of the sum, could not be suspected of any thing less than angelic virtues, and certainly the young Marquis was never charged with having been a pirate; but he was observed to be in delicate health, in consequence, it was said, of a stab which had left him for dead, and from which his recovery was long doubtful. The lady Calascibetta was with him, looking lovelier than ten houries; and what was an object of unceasing remark, she was always attended by an enormous Abruzzo bloodhound, which she decorated with ribbons and ornaments, and which, next to the young Marquis, seemed to be the greatest favourite she had in the world. ARGO.

THE FALLEN CHIEF.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Wearily the homeward troops are marching on
their way,
And mournfully each warrior brow to earth is bent
to-day.
Mournfully; though the day be theirs—though
victory be won:
For the gallant Chief lies cold and stiff, whose
spirit led them on.
The arm of strength is powerless—the eyes have
closed in pain—
The fearless voice they all obey'd, shall never cheer
again.
How should their hearts with fervour swell? their
proud shouts rend the sky?
Without the triumph on *his* brow, they feel no
victory.
The fire that roused to "do or die," is burning faint
and dim:
He fought and bled for Freedom—*they* only fought
for *him!*

Beside the warrior's rested bier a form is seen to
kneel,
With pallid cheek and wild bright eyes, that unto
Heaven appeal.

Oh! when his burning eloquence her ardent soul
inspired,
If she but saw his banner wave, her cheek and
bosom fired.
But *now*, what recks she of the day? of tyranny
o'erthrown?
What recks she that the land is free, where she
must dwell alone?
"Victory! Victory!" To whom? Alas! what boots
it now,
When death's eternal shadow clouds that vainly-
laurell'd brow?
Her languid limbs are cold and faint, her heavy
eyes are dim:
He lived and died for Freedom—*she* only lived for
him!

But, Oh! upon this weary earth, what shall their
portion be,
Who, when his proud voice cheer'd them on, could
have the heart to flee?
Far, far away from all they loved, their cold
remains shall rest,
A foreign soil the only turf that shades each recreant
breast.
Where their home-fires are blazing high, the weed
shall grow instead;
Their banners foes shall trample down, their wives
shall strangers wed;

And ever in the battle-field, as one by one departs,
Chill fears shall tremble in their souls, and shake their sinking hearts;
A weight, as if of heavy chains, shall clog each coward limb:
Freedom forsook their standard, when *they* deserted *him!*

ROMAN PEASANTS.*

While flowers are gay, and fruits are sweet,
And heavens are brightly blue,
And there are happy friends to meet,
And happy children too;
While sainted chapels call to prayer,
And nature's incense fans the air,—
Though all the world be full of care,—
Creatures of happiness! no share
Of sorrow lights on you.

The bee, the bird, on busy wing,
Glide through the olive wood;
Their songs of ecstacy they sing,
Sweet songs, to solitude;
But neither bees, nor birds, can tell
What exquisite emotions dwell,
Poor peasants! in the holy cell
Of your poor hearts, that love so well,
And only dream of good.

* It is proper to explain that Dr. Bowring favoured the Editor with these beautiful verses, as an illustration of the plate which forms the Frontispiece.

THE BETROTHED.

"And now 'twas done;—on the lone shore were plighted
Their hearts;—the stars, their nuptial torches, shed
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted!"
BYRON.

THE mist was sleeping on the hill,
The dew was on the brake,
And the wild-bird's scream went lone and shrill,
Along a quiet lake:
In the deep silence of the night,
A youth and maiden stand,
Where the waters ripple low and light,
Like music to the strand.

There was a spell of holiness
Around them, as they stood,—
The starry night in her gala dress,
And the bright and peaceful flood;—
But the pale girl shook with a silent fear,
As he knelt before her, there,
And his voice, like a spirit's, low and clear,
Went forth on the quiet air.

"Long years ago, on this same spot,
I knelt before you first;
And told (oh, is the tale forgot?)
The love that childhood nursed;
Such love as only childhood can:—
You wept and listen'd then,
And bade me, when I grew a man,
To tell the tale again.

"We parted on this spot of ground,
With fast but pleasant tears;
And the busy world went on its round,
With its hopes and with its fears;
And now I *am* a man,—'mid men
Of sterner mood and brow:—
Moonlight was on those waters then,
Moonlight is on them now!

"If thou wilt plight me thy heart and hand,
And live where my fathers lie;
I will build thee a bower in another land,
And under as blue a sky:
If thou wilt buffet the waves of time,
And the storms of the world, with me,
I will find thee a home in a sunny clime,
Far over the western sea!

"I do not promise thee gold to wear,
Nor gems of price and pride;
But thou shalt weave in thine own bright hair
The flower of the mountain-side:
Thy place with the dames of that land shall be,
'Mid the high and the noble of blood,
And thy step on the hill be as proud and free
As the bride of a chieftain's should.

"I do not promise thee lighted hall,
The torch, nor the diamond's glare;
You must say farewell to the midnight ball,
When you tread on the wild heaths there:

But you shall see from your bower, afar,
The lake as it sleeps in light;
And the tranquil rays of the evening star,
As it rests on the waves by night.

" I do not promise thee page to wait,
Nor maiden to bend the knee;
I do not promise thee robe of state,
Nor gilded canopy:
I may not lead thee to lordly dome,
Where pride and the proud ones be;
But I'll share with thee, in my father's home,
What my fathers have shared with me.

" I give thee the promise that childhood gave,
In its first and fervent love;
To share one dwelling, on land or wave,
And one guiding-star above:
One bliss,—one pain,—one hope,—one fear,—
One altar, and one God;—
One trust hereafter—and one here;
One grave, and one green sod!"

The tale is told—his lips are mute,
And bent to earth his brow;
One tear of her's has stain'd his lute;—
How beat his pulses now?
Tell me, sweet cousin, if you know,
When maiden's cheek grows pale,
And when her tears begin to flow,
How answers she such tale?

WHEN SOME FOND BOY.

" And how I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own."
MOOR

When some fond boy, more blest than I,
Shall twine *fresh* roses in thy hair,
Tell him, the flowers his hand flings by,
Once bloom'd, as bright as his do, there;
And when, beneath this starry sky,
He wakes the lute I used to fill,
Oh! tell him that another's sigh
Is warm upon its surface still.

And if, perchance, thy loved Gazelle
Should fly the stranger's touch, and hide
Its head within thy bosom's swell,
And nestle there, in trembling pride;
Oh! tell him there was one, whose lip
That dark-eyed thing so loved to kiss,
That it had fondly learn'd to sip
The dews from thine, to water his.

And for the rest,—when twilight's hour
Shall see thee wandering on with him,
Or in thine own acacia bower,
Whose light, Love's own, is all so dim:
Tell him there's not a flower below,
And not a silent star above,
And not a breeze that whispers so,
That have not heard another's love.

LAWRENCE'S PICTURE OF A CHILD.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Oh! could childhood's beauty last
While the storms of time roll past;
Could the heaven that brightens o'er it
Brighten still, with earth before it,—
What a joy it were to be,
Blessed child! a child like thee!

But, as dew-drops from the tree,
Or as star-lights fade and flee,
Or as roses on their stem,—
Childhood's beauties glide away:
May not boyhood gather them?
May not manhood wear them?—Nay!

Happy art!—'tis thine to save
Childhood's beauties from the grave:
Thine to fix the transient charm,—
Thine, Time's legions to disarm;
Thine, O high prerogative!
Immortality to give.

Who, of all the heirs of art,—
Who, like Lawrence, could impart
Life and light,—till beauty seem'd
What ev'n Beauty's glance outbeam'd!
Glorious master! who but he
Taught, that lovely infancy
Lovelier than itself could be!

THE PORTRAIT.

Thou thing, that speak'st without a tongue;
  That seest with those unseeing eyes;
That still, thro' ages, shalt be young;
  Unliving, yet that never dies!
Thou lovely offspring of the mind,
  Bright infant of the dark—to be;
Tell me, what fates of human kind
  Shall Heaven's high verdict stamp on thee?

Tell me, if that mysterious gaze
  Shall kindle with the poet's fire;
That lip the song immortal raise:
  That hand strike rapture from the lyre;
Till on thy brow the wreath is bound,
  Of all Earth's bards the mightiest bard;
And still, tho' honours throng thee round,
  Thyself thine own sublime reward?

Beware! nor tread the Muses' hill,
  Tho' lovely visions lead the way;
There's poison in its laurell'd rill,
  There's madness in its golden ray.
Tho' Music spoke in every string,
  Thou, too, shalt feel fame's ebbing tide;
Fortune afar shall wave her wing;
  Boy! thou shalt perish in thy pride

Or wouldst thou draw the soldier's sword,
  To smite the nations, or to save;
To see thy haughty flag adored,
  The terror of the land and wave;
To see the thousand trumps of fame
  Upraised for thee, and thee alone;
The fear of empires in thy name,
  The strength of empires in thy throne?

Boy! look within the conqueror's heart,
  And see the brood that nestle there:
The blood, the agony, the art,
  The wild suspense, the fierce despair;
The thoughts that, like a lava-stream,
  Consume the mighty to the grave:—
Boy! rouse thee from the deadly dream,
  Nor die Ambition's worn-out slave.

Or, wouldst thou give thy soul to gold,
  And, making earth and sea thy mine,
See wealth on all their breezes roll'd;
  The Indian and his treasures thine?
Boy! there are miseries of heart,
  That turn the wealth of worlds to gall:
Be wiser, choose the better part;
  And love but one, the King of all!

Φιλων.

THE LEGEND OF THE TEUFEL-HAUS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

The way was lone, and the hour was late,
And Sir Rudolph was far from his castle gate.
The night came down, by slow degrees,
On the river stream, and the forest trees;
And by the heat of the heavy air,
And by the lightning's distant glare,
And by the rustling of the woods,
And by the roaring of the floods,
In half an hour, a man might say,
The Spirit of Storm would ride that way.
But little he cared, that stripling pale,
For the sinking sun, or the rising gale;
For he, as he rode, was dreaming now,
Poor youth, of a woman's broken vow,
Of the cup dashed down, ere the wine was tasted,
Of eloquent speeches sadly wasted,
Of a gallant heart all burnt to ashes,
And the Baron of Katzberg's long moustaches.
So the earth below, and the heaven above,
He saw them not;—those dreams of love,
As some have found, and some will find,
Make men extremely deaf and blind.
At last he opened his great blue eyes,
And, looking about in vast surprise,
Found that his hunter had turned his back
An hour ago on the beaten track,

And now was threading a forest hoar,
Where steed had never stepped before.

"By Cæsar's head," Sir Rudolph said,
"It were a sorry joke,
If I to-night should make my bed
On the turf, beneath an oak!
Poor Roland reeks from head to hoof;—
Now, for thy sake, good roan,
I would we were beneath a roof,
Were it the foul fiend's own!"

Ere the tongue could rest, ere the lips could close,
The sound of a listener's laughter rose.
It was not the scream of a merry boy
When harlequin waves his wand of joy;
Nor the shout from a serious curate, won
By a bending bishop's annual pun;
Nor the roar of a Yorkshire clown;—oh, no!
It was a gentle laugh, and low;
Half uttered, perhaps, and stifled half,
A good old-gentlemanly laugh;
Such as my uncle Peter's are,
When he tells you his tales of Dr. Parr.
The rider looked to the left and the right,
With something of marvel, and more of fright:
But brighter gleamed his anxious eye,
When a light shone out from a hill hard by.
Thither he spurred, as gay and glad
As Mrs. Macquill's delightful lad,

When he turns away from the Pleas of the Crown,
Or flings, with a yawn, old Saunders down,
And flies, at last, from all the mysteries
Of Plaintiffs' and Defendants' histories,
To make himself sublimely neat,
For Mrs. Camac's, in Mansfield Street.

At a lofty gate Sir Rudolph halted;
Down from his seat Sir Rudolph vaulted:
And he blew a blast, with might and main,
On the bugle that hung by an iron chain.
The sound called up a score of sounds;—
The screeching of owls, and the baying of hounds,
The hollow toll of the turret bell,
The call of the watchful sentinel,
And a groan at last, like a peal of thunder,
As the huge old portals rolled asunder,
And gravely from the castle hall
Paced forth the white-robed seneschal.
He staid not to ask of what degree
So fair and famished a knight might be;
But knowing that all untimely question
Ruffles the temper, and mars the digestion,
He laid his hand upon the crupper,
And said,—"You're just in time for supper!"

They led him to the smoking board,
And placed him next to the castle's lord.
He looked around with a hurried glance:
You may ride from the border to fair Penzance,

And nowhere, but at Epsom Races,
Find such a group of ruffian faces,
As thronged that chamber: some were talking
Of feats of hunting and of hawking,
And some were drunk, and some were dreaming,
And some found pleasure in blaspheming.
He thought, as he gazed on the fearful crew,
That the lamps that burned on the walls burned blue.
They brought him a pasty of mighty size,
To cheer his heart, and to charm his eyes;
They brought the wine, so rich and old,
And filled to the brim the cup of gold;
The knight looked down, and the knight looked up,
But he carved not the meat, and he drained not the cup.

"Ho ho," said his host with angry brow,
"I wot our guest is fine;
Our fare is far too coarse, I trow,
For such nice taste as thine:
Yet trust me I have cooked the food,
And I have filled the can,
Since I have lived in this old wood,
For many a nobler man."—
"The savoury buck and the ancient cask
To a weary man are sweet;
But ere he taste, it is fit he ask
For a blessing on bowl and meat.
Let me but pray for a minute's space,
And bid me pledge ye then;
I swear to ye, by our Lady's grace,
I shall eat and drink like ten!"

The lord of the castle in wrath arose,
He frowned like a fiery dragon;
Indignantly he blew his nose,
And overturned the flagon.
And, "Away," quoth he, "with the canting priest,
Who comes uncalled to a midnight feast,
And breathes through a helmet his holy benison,
To sour my hock, and spoil my venison!"

That moment all the lights went out;
And they dragged him forth, that rabble rout,
With oath, and threat, and foul scurrility,
And every sort of incivility.
They barred the gates; and the peal of laughter,
Sudden and shrill, that followed after,
Died off into a dismal tone,
Like a parting spirit's painful moan.
"I wish," said Rudolph, as he stood
On foot in the deep and silent wood;
"I wish, good Roland, rack and stable
May be kinder to-night than their master's table!"

By this the storm had fleeted by;
And the moon with a quiet smile looked out
From the glowing arch of a cloudless sky,
Flinging her silvery beams about
On rock, tree, wave, and gladdening all
With just as miscellaneous bounty,
As Isabel's, whose sweet smiles fall
In half an hour on half the county.

Less wild Sir Rudolph's pathway seemed,
  As he turned from that discourteous tower;
Small spots of verdure gaily gleamed
  On either side; and many a flower,
Lily, and violet, and heart's-ease,
  Grew by the way, a fragrant border;
And the tangled boughs of the hoary trees
  Were twined in picturesque disorder:
And there came from the grove, and there came from
    the hill,
  The loveliest sounds he had ever heard,
The cheerful voice of the dancing rill,
  And the sad, sad song of the lonely bird.
And at last he stared with wondering eyes,
  As well he might, on a huge pavilion:
'Twas clothed with stuffs of a hundred dyes,
  Blue, purple, orange, pink, vermilion;
And there were quaint devices traced
  All round in the Saracenic manner;
And the top, which gleamed like gold, was graced
  With the drooping folds of a silken banner;
And on the poles, in silent pride,
  There sate small doves of white enamel;
And the veil from the entrance was drawn aside,
  And flung on the humps of a silver camel.
In short it was the sweetest thing
  For a weary youth in a wood to light on;
And finer far than what a king
  Built up, to prove his taste, at Brighton.

The gilded gate was all unbarred;
And, close beside it, for a guard,
There lay two dwarfs with monstrous noses,
Both fast asleep upon some roses.
Sir Rudolph entered; rich and bright
Was all that met his ravished sight;
Soft tapestries from far countries brought,
Rare cabinets with gems inwrought,
White vases of the finest mould,
And mirrors set in burnished gold.
Upon a couch a greyhound slumbered;
And a small table was encumber'd
With paintings, and an ivory lute,
And sweetmeats, and delicious fruit.
Sir Rudolph lost no time in praising;
For he, I should have said, was gazing,
In attitude extremely tragic,
Upon a sight of stranger magic;
A sight, which, seen at such a season,
Might well astonish Mistress Reason,
And scare Dame Wisdom from her fences
Of rules and maxims, moods and tenses.

Beneath a crimson canopy
A lady, passing fair, was lying;
Deep sleep was on her gentle eye,
And in her slumber she was sighing
Bewitching sighs, such sighs as say
Beneath the moonlight to a lover,
Things, which the coward tongue by day
Would not, for all the world, discover:

She lay like a shape of sculptured stone,
  So pale, so tranquil:—she had thrown,
  For the warm evening's sultriness,
The broidered coverlet aside;
And nothing was there to deck or hide
  The glory of her loveliness,
But a scarf of gauze, so light and thin
You might see beneath the dazzling skin,
And watch the purple streamlets go
Thro' the valleys of white and stainless snow,
  Or here and there a wayward tress
Which wandered out with vast assurance
From the pearls that kept the rest in durance,
And fluttered about, as if 'twould try
To lure a zephyr from the sky.
"Bertha!"—large drops of anguish came
On Rudolph's brow, as he breathed the name,—
"Oh fair and false one, wake, and fear;
I, the betrayed, the scorned, am here."
The eye moved not from its dull eclipse,
The voice came not from the fast-shut lips;
No matter! well that gazer knew
The tone of bliss, and the eyes of blue.

Sir Rudolph hid his burning face
With both his hands for a minute's space,
And all his frame in awful fashion
Was shaken by some sudden passion.
What guilty fancies o'er him ran?—
  Oh, Pity will be slow to guess them;

And never, save to the holy man,
Did good Sir Rudolph e'er confess them.
But soon his spirit you might deem
Came forth from the shade of the fearful dream;
His cheek, though pale, was calm again,
And he spoke in peace, though he spoke in pain.

"Not mine, not mine!—now Mary mother
Aid me the sinful hope to smother!
Not mine, not mine!—I have loved thee long;
Thou hast quitted me with grief and wrong.
But pure the heart of a knight should be,—
Sleep on, sleep on, thou art safe for me.
Yet shalt thou know, by a certain sign,
Whose lips have been so near to thine,
Whose eyes have looked upon thy sleep,
And turned away, and longed to weep,
Whose heart,—mourn,—madden as it will,—
Has spared thee, and adored thee, still!"

His purple mantle, rich and wide,
From his neck the trembling youth untied,
And flung it o'er those dangerous charms,
The swelling neck, and the rounded arms.
Once more he looked, once more he sighed;
And away, away, from the perilous tent,
Swift as the rush of an eagle's wing,
Or the flight of a shaft from Tartar string,
Into the wood Sir Rudolph went:
Not with more joy the school-boys run
To the gay green fields, when their task is done;

Not with more haste the Members fly,
When Hume has caught the Speaker's eye.

At last the daylight came; and then
A score or two of serving men,
Supposing that some sad disaster
Had happened to their lord and master,
Went out into the wood, and found him,
Unhorsed, and with no mantle round him.
Ere he could tell his tale romantic,
The leech pronounced him clearly frantic,
So ordered him at once to bed,
And clapped a blister on his head.

Within the sound of the castle-clock
There stands a huge and rugged rock,
And I have heard the peasants say,
That the grieving groom at noon that day
Found gallant Roland, cold and stiff,
At the base of the black and beetling cliff.

Beside the rock there is an oak,
Tall, blasted by the thunder-stroke,
And I have heard the peasants say,
That there Sir Rudolph's mantle lay,
And coiled in many a deadly wreath
A venomous serpent slept beneath.

A FRAGMENT FROM THE STORY OF THE LADY RUSSELL.

(FROM STRATTON TO LONDON, 1682.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF MAY YOU LIKE IT.

" I HAVE been wishing that you were with us, my dear love; for we have had a delicious morning, and the girls and master and I were abroad betimes, and came home fresh and laughing to breakfast. I had the children to breakfast with me, and all our talk turned upon papa. Miss Rachael had much to say to me and to her sister and brother about you, and thought herself, I verily believe, an important little personage. Kate was too busy with her bowl of milk and bread to give her much attention; and the boy, when she spoke to him, would only strike his spoon upon the table with all his violence, (which is not little,) and shout, 'Papa, Papa.' After dinner we are to go to the farm; and the girls have made me promise to come home by the great oak, that they may lay in a stock of acorns to take to London.

" The chits have left me alone for half an hour, and I will not let the maids go without my letter. Pordage * sends me word that they must depart in ten minutes: they will sleep at Bagshot, and be at Southampton House to-morrow night. In four days I hope to follow them.

* Pordage was the house-steward at Stratton.

"Oh, my best life! how long the time has seemed since last I saw you! I am too happy when I am with you to know my happiness: 'tis at these times when I feel so desolate a creature, that I wake up to a deep sense of my happiness. It delights me to find you feel such a love to poor Stratton. May you live to do so for fifty years to come! and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you were to wish otherwise at any time: then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our children.

"Pardon, my dear love, (as you have a thousand other failings,) all the nonsense of this, and think me to be, as I am, your ever obedient and affectionate wife,

"R. Russell."

"For the Lord Russell,
"At Southampton House,
"London."

"If we have as pleasant weather next year as we have had all this autumn, I shall enjoy sweet Stratton still more: for you will be here with us more than of late, will you not, dearest?—and we will return early in the summer."

They never returned together: on the 25th of June, 1683, the year after the above letter is dated, the Lady Russell came to her husband, who was sitting in the library. She was pale and agitated.

"Forgive my breaking thus upon your studies," she said, in a hurried voice, and, having closed the door, she advanced to the writing-table at which her husband was sitting: placing her hand upon it as if to steady her trembling frame, she looked him in the face with an expression of anxious and tender inquiry—"Can you give a reason, dear husband, where your household and your wife give nought but vague surmises? There is a fellow pacing before the outer gate. He has been there this hour and more; and Watkins, and others of the servants, know him to be a messenger from the Council."

"The reason, my sweet anxious wife," replied Lord Russell, laying aside his pen and looking up with a quiet smile; "the reason seems to me one easily discovered if your words bear reference to all men, for, at this present time, all men seem to be suspected; but the reason I cannot so easily explain with reference to myself in particular. I cannot tell why I should be marked and singled out as an enemy to the state. However, you must not be thus agitated, thus easily alarmed, my wife, my own sweet bosom-friend," he added, tenderly pressing the hand still resting on the table: "this little hand is tell-tale to a fearful, fluttering heart, and there is still too much anxiety in those dear eyes."

"Well, I will not tremble," replied his lady, "I will not be thus foolishly anxious. I disturb you, and might unfit myself for being of use. Those are

but sorry wives who begin to weep and complain as danger rises; who make their own selfish lamentations the chief subject of discourse, when trouble, deep and real trouble, weighs down a husband's heart. I promise you, my love," and she gently kissed his cheek, "I promise you, with God's gracious help, to be a true and faithful helpmeet; that when a friend's—nay," she added very meekly, "when a servant's offices are needed, you may find both, or either, in a wife."

She sat down, and leaning her cheek upon her hand, sunk all unconsciously into a reverie of pleasant recollections; while her husband, who had made no answer, gazed upon her fair and modest face, and sighed to think that the time was, perhaps, at hand, when their sweet domestic life would meet with unusual interruptions.

"We have been so happy!" she said, and the words stole like a gentle murmur from her lips. "Would we were safely back at Stratton! dear peaceful Stratton! Yes, yes, selfish again," she exclaimed, smiling as she caught her husband's eye, "I am breaking my resolutions ere they are scarcely formed. I had forgotten myself and wandered back in pleasant day-dreams to our happy home at Stratton. I dreamed of our quiet mornings in the library, or under the old spreading trees, where we have read together, and together held such sweet converse, the children at our feet or in our arms—where we have drunk such draughts of deep and innocent delight.

But it is idle, if not sinful, to regret the past, when God gives the present to be improved, and, it may be, enjoyed; for, though some heavy clouds seem gathering round us, there is no rainbow where there is no cloud. I would not waste the time in vain regrets. What is the duty of the present hour? I have forebodings that I cannot stifle; I only wonder that till now I never felt them. Will you not send for the man who is thus placed as sentinel at our gates? Will you not question him?"

"No," replied Lord Russell; "were I to speak with him, it might appear that I had feared myself an object of suspicion: nor will I seek to pass him, and go forth, as I would willingly, among my friends, to ask if they know any thing I do not know?—if they would have me prepared to meet this danger?"

"This danger!" interrupted his lady; "dear husband, what danger? You speak as if you knew of some positive danger, of calamity already falling."

"Nay, my Rachael, I speak as one perhaps too well acquainted with men and things at this present time. I repeat that there is nothing that *I* ought to fear; and yet there now are many things that all must fear. But you shall satisfy yourself and me, if you will undertake to go forthwith to some of my tried friends, and tell them of my plight, and bring me back whatever news you hear."

"O, I will go at once," returned the lady. "How kind to take me at my word, and make me useful! How kind to treat me with such confidence! I

will go at once; but—" She paused—looked very thoughtful—"You will be here," she continued gravely; "you will not be gone when I return, unless you leave the house by the back-gates, where there is no spy to watch your movements. It suddenly occurs to me, that there may be a friendly warning intended by the Council. It may be they would apprize you of some danger by sending thus a show of hostile feeling; but, at the same time, leaving open an avenue of escape."

"Let the intentions of others be what they may," said the Lord Russell calmly, "I must not forget my own dignity and honour. I have done nothing that should drive me to conceal myself. If they have aught against me, let them prove it; and if they seek me, it is in his own home that a Russell should be found. Dearest, I could not consent to a base flight, at the price of my own self-respect."

"You are right," said the Lady Russell; "and I were unworthy to be your wife, if I could counsel you to any base proceeding:" and she kept her word; for when others would have advised Lord Russell to a compliance which his conscience forbad, she resisted the temptation even to save his life by it, and joined with him in resisting and refusing their appeal.

The hour of danger was indeed at hand; the Lady Russell brought back a confirmation of her Lord's worst fears; and he was taken in his study the next day; sitting, as usual, among his books

and papers; "the best and dearest wife in the world," as he was known to call the Lady Russell, at his side.

He was carried at once before the Council, where the King was present; who "told Russell that nobody suspected him of any design against his person; but that he had good evidence of his being in design against his Government."

From thence they committed him a close prisoner to the Tower, and his trial soon followed.

"It cannot be," said the Lady Russell to herself, that they will condemn him to death; and yet there is such a settled resignation, such a calm sadness in his look and manner, that he himself seems to forbid all hope." A thrill of anguish ran through the whole assembly, when the Lady Russell rose up at the commencement of her husband's trial; it being signified to him that he might have a servant to write for him, and take notes of his trial. "My wife is here to do it," were Lord Russell's words. She took her seat at once, firm, modest, and self-collected; and nothing was so remarkable about her demeanour, during those hours when a thousand words were spoken to agitate and to afflict her, as her quiet, unremitting attention; nay, the devotedness of that attention, not it seemed to her husband, certainly not to her own feelings, but to the quiet duties of the office she had undertaken: she scarcely trusted herself to raise her eyes even to her husband's countenance; but a close observer might

have seen that not a word escaped her. Now and then a crimson blush suffused her face—nay, spread to her brow; and when the news was suddenly brought into court, that the Lord Essex had been found that morning, it was supposed self-murdered, in the Tower, the tears fell fast and heavily from her downcast eyes upon the paper. * * * *

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Almost mechanically she continued writing, with a diligent attention that suffered nothing to escape. At last her task was finished: quietly she laid down her pen; her eyes and her hand were weary, and her heart was sick almost unto death: she had heard the conviction, and the condemnation of her husband; but not a sob, not a sound had escaped her lips: she had come prepared to hear, and, with God's help, to sustain the worst, without uttering a word that might agitate her beloved husband, or shake his grave and manly composure. When she rose up to accompany him from the court, every eye was turned towards them; and several of the kind and compassionate wept aloud: but the Lady Russell was enabled to depart with the same sweet and modest self-possession; still her husband's nearest, dearest companion. When they reached his prison, she gave way to no wild and passionate bursts of grief; but, repressing every murmur, she sat down, and began to discuss with him all, and every possible means of honourably saving his life. He had a settled conviction that every exertion

would be made in vain, and secretly gave himself to prepare for inevitable death; but, to please and satisfy her, he entered into all her plans; at least consulted with her upon them; and, at her request particularly, drew up a petition to the Duke of York; which, however, proved utterly fruitless: the Duke of York being his determined and relentless enemy.

Still the Lady Russell was unwearied, and resolved that nothing should daunt her. To the King she determined to go in person, and to plead at his feet for her husband's life.

When she reached Whitehall, she could not choose but remember with what different feelings she had before ascended the staircase, and passed along the stately galleries of the beautiful palace. She thought of the first time she entered those walls; she thought of her light heart, her girlish curiosity, when those around her, and she herself, had been loved and welcomed visitors to the royal presence.

Fearful that an audience might be refused her, if her name or errand were told before-hand to the King, she had come with a very private equipage, her servants wearing a plain livery. She had before requested one of the lords in waiting, to whom she was well known, and in whose noble and friendly spirit she could place full confidence, to give her an opportunity of seeing the King, and to announce her merely as a gentlewoman of condition, who had solicited an interview; and she now besought him so earnestly to allow her to be admitted into the ante-

room to the chamber where the King was then sitting, that, after some decided refusals and much hesitation, he at last permitted her to follow him. In a few minutes she was left alone in that antechamber; for it happened that a little page, who had been waiting there, was called away for a short time as she and Lord —— entered.

She soon distinguished the King's voice from the room within, for its tones were loud and sonorous; and the latch of the door, though pulled to, had not caught, so that the door stood partly open:—"Who is it would see us, did you say?" The Lady Russell drew near, and bent her ear that she might not lose a word. "A gentlewoman of condition has demanded a private interview with your Majesty." The words were hardly spoken when a light, yet loud laugh rung through the chamber, and a woman's voice cried out, in tones of raillery, "You are a dangerous messenger, my lord; there may be peril to the King's heart in such an interview." "Pshaw, pshaw," interrupted the King, half joining in the laugh, and speaking in a tone of heavy merriment: "tell me this lady's age; is she young or aged, for much depends on that?" "She is a young and noble matron," was the quiet, grave reply. "But how does she call herself?" was the continued inquiry, in the same jocular voice. "She bid me say 'a gentlewoman of condition.'" "Sir," said the king, impatiently, "no trifling, if you please!—What is the woman's name?—Do you

know her name?" "I cannot tell your Majesty an untruth," replied the nobleman; "I *do* know her name." "Why, then, do you not declare it?" "Because, sire, I was forbidden by the lady to do so, and, as a gentleman of honour—" "As a gentleman of honour, you may be bound to your gentlewoman of condition, and may keep silence as far as she is concerned; but, as I am also a party concerned, allow me to decline the favour of this interview with your gentlewoman of condition: I have seen mysterious affairs enough of late, and there may be danger in this interview." "I would stake my life, sire, there is none," said the nobleman; "and I will go beyond my commission, and disclose a name unsullied and pure, and lovely to the ear, being made so by her who bears it: the blameless, but unhappy, Lady Russell is the gentlewoman that has sought an audience with your Majesty." "Oh! I cannot see her, "cried the King, raising his voice; "I forbid you to admit her to my presence. Remember, sir, I am positive. Much as I pity the Lady Russell, I cannot see her: why should unnecessary pain be given to her and to myself? Tell her this from me." "Alas, sire, I dread to deliver so disheartening a message from your gracious Majesty, she is already in so woful a plight. I know not what her hopes of urging with success her suit might be; but this I know, that she did hope to hear a refusal, if she must have one, given from no other lips than yours: even now she waits,

anxiously, fondly hoping that your Majesty will see her." Here again the female voice was heard: kind and almost coaxing were its tones:—"Do see her—do admit her—poor unhappy lady! my heart bleeds for her!—You may be stern to men, but you would never let a woman beg in vain." "It is to save a woman's feelings," replied the King, in a softer voice than he had yet spoken: "Do not urge me—you know that his life cannot be spared—you know it is impossible. Dismiss the lady at once, my lord, with the assurance of my regret. You said that she was waiting,—where did you leave her?" "She waits in the ante-room to this very chamber." So near, sirrah," exclaimed the King; "thou hast taken a most unwarrantable liberty." "She begged that I would let her follow me," said the nobleman, "and her importunity was so great and sudden, that she prevailed against my calmer judgment." "Let there be no mistake continued in," cried the King, "and weary me no longer with your explanations. Dismiss the lady instantly."

The lady Russell had heard all that had been spoken, had hung breathless on every word; and her heart had sunk within her, when she found how firmly the King seemed opposed to showing any mercy to her husband. She had blessed the woman whose voice pleaded so kindly for her, though she guessed, and guessed rightly, that she was blessing the frail Louise de Querouaille, then Duchess of Portsmouth.

She heard the receding steps of the lord in waiting, and felt that in another moment her opportunity would be gone. She did not stop to think or hesitate, but threw open the door, and advanced quietly and meekly to the very centre of the chamber.

The room which Lady Russell entered, was of large dimensions, and furnished rather with splendid luxuriousness than elegance. The windows opened into a balcony, filled with orange-trees in full blossom, and the atmosphere of the chamber was richly scented with the delicious perfume of the flowers: the walls were hung alternately with some of Lely's beautiful but wanton portraits, and with broad pier glasses; and the profusion of gilding with which the sculptured frames and cornices, the tables, the couches and seats of various descriptions, were enriched, dazzled and fatigued the gaze. Upon and underneath one table, amid piles of music, lay several kinds of lutes and other instruments of music. On another an ivory casket of jewels stood open, glowing and blazing in a flood of sunshine. Before a broad slab of the richest green marble, opposite one of the looking-glasses, sat Louise de Querouaille, on a low ottoman. She had been reading aloud to the idle monarch; and her book, a light, loose French romance, lay upon the table, the place kept open by a bracelet of large pearls. Very near her the King was carelessly reclining upon a sofa covered with cushions of Genoa velvet: his attention had been divided be-

tween listening to the French romance which his fair companion was reading, and listlessly looking over a collection of Oliver's exquisitely painted miniatures, some of which lay on the sofa beside him, others on the marble table. Into this chamber a pure and modest matron had entered to plead for the life of one of the most noble and upright gentlemen of the land; had she much chance of success with such a ruler?

"I am prepared," said the Lady Russell, as she kneeled before the King, "to bear, though not to brave, your Majesty's just anger. My coming thus uncalled into your presence is an intrusion, an impertinence, which the King may not perchance forgive; but I make my appeal, not to the king, but to the gentleman before whom I kneel." Charles, who had sat astonished rather than angry at the unexpected appearance of the lady, rose up at these words, and, tenderly raising her, led her to a seat with that gallant courteousness in which he was excelled by no one in his day. "My boldness is very great," she continued, "but grief makes me forget all difference of station: I am alive only to the power conferred upon your Majesty's high station by the almighty and most merciful of kings. Forgive a wife, once a very happy wife, if she implores you to use that power in its most blessed exercise of mercy.

"Think that on the breath of your lips it depends whether the whole future course of a life, long so

supremely happy, shall be gloom and wretchedness to the grave. But let me not take so selfish a part as to plead only for my own happiness. Do justice to an upright, honest subject; or, if you deem him faulty, (and who is not?) do not visit a fault with that dreadful doom that you would give to crime and wickedness. Nay, for yourself, for your own good interest, do not let them rob you of a servant whose fellow may not easily be found, one who shall serve your Majesty with more true faithfulness than many that have been more forward in their words."

The King listened with attention, with well-bred and courteous attention; and then expressed with soft and well-bred excuses his deep regret that it was impossible, beyond his power, as one bound to consider the welfare of the state, to accede to her entreaties: and, as he spoke, the Lady Russell could not help contrasting the artful softness of his voice and manner with the rough but far more honest refusal she had heard, when waiting in the ante-room.

Charles ceased speaking; and the Lady Russell, who had continued seated all the time she spoke, and who had spoken with a modest and reverent dignity of manner, still sat calm, sad, and motionless, perplexed and silenced by his cold, easy self-possession.

"There is, then, no hope," she exclaimed, at length. The King met the melancholy gaze of her soft eyes as she asked the hopeless question, and

the few words in which he replied were intended to destroy all hope. Yet they were spoken in the same smooth, courteous tone.

She rose up, but she did not go: still she remained standing where she rose up, calm, bewildered, her lips unclosed, her eyes cast down as if unwilling to depart, yet too stupefied by grief and disappointment to know what to say, too abashed, indeed, by his polite indifference to know how to act. At last she roused herself; and, as she lifted up her head, a clearness and brightness came into her eyes, and over her brow, and over her whole countenance.

"I must not, will not go abashed and confounded," she thought within herself; "I must not lose this last, this very last opportunity I can ever have of saving him."

"Bear with my importunity," she said, with a feminine sweetness, which, notwithstanding the deep dejection that hung on every look and every word, was inexpressibly fascinating: "Bear with me, and do not bid me rise, till I have been heard:" and she again threw herself at the feet of the King. "At least let me speak in my own name, let me urge my own claims to your gracious mercy. As the daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, your long-tried servant, your royal father's faithful and favoured friend, I humbly ask for pity and for mercy; your friend and your father's friend forget not. Alas, sire, you are not one to whom affliction is

unknown; your heart is not hardened, I am sure it cannot be, against such calamities as mine are likely to be very soon. You have known," she added, raising at the same time her clasped hand, and her meek and innocent face, over which the tears flowed fast; "you have known one, whose loved and honoured head was cruelly laid low; you have seen something of what a widow and a mother suffers in such a desolate estate as mine will be, I fear, too soon. No, no! you do not misunderstand me—you know well of whom I speak. Imagine what your royal mother would have felt, had she kneeled, as I do now, to one who could have saved the life of her beloved and noble husband; and pity—pray, pray pity me! What! not a word, not one kind pitying word!" She turned her eyes, as one who looks for help, on either side; and her glance fell upon the frail, but kind-hearted Louise de Querouaille, who sat weeping and sobbing with unaffected feeling.

The Lady Russell rose from her knees, and went to her;—"Madam," she said entreatingly, "they say you have much influence with the King: I am sure you have a kind heart; come and beg that for pity's sake he will hear me." The Duchess of Portsmouth did not refuse, — she came forward. Just then a side door was opened gently, and the Duke of York entered the apartment. He stopped and stared at all present with a look of apparent astonishment: for a moment his eye met that of the

King; but he said not a word, walked to the farther end of the room, laid on a table a packet of papers which he carried in his hand, and seemed to occupy himself busily with them.

The Lady Russell felt, that if ever there had been a hope of success for her, there was now none. The King was still as courteous, and as smooth in speech, as before, though a little more commanding in his manner. The Duchess of Portsmouth was still careless to hide her weeping, and, kneeling in her tears before the King, she implored for Lord Russell's pardon; and she herself, the wretched heart-stricken wife, redoubled her entreaties; nay, at last she ceased to ask for pardon, (seeing that her prayer was utterly in vain,) and begged, if but for a respite of six weeks for her condemned husband. She turned to the Duke of York:—coldly and civilly he begged to decline offering any interference. The only words he spoke were those by which he replied to the Lady Russell; and he would have seemed to her entirely occupied with his papers, had she not once or twice observed his eye fixed with a calm and penetrating glance upon his royal brother. At last the King grew weary, his dark brow lowered heavily, and his strongly marked and saturnine features assumed an expression not commonly harsh and unpleasant—"What!" said he, angrily, and almost brutally, "shall I grant that man six weeks, who, if it had been in his power, would not have granted me six hours?"

The poor insulted lady spoke not another word of entreaty: she rose at once, and with a grave, meek sorrow, at once dignified and sweetly humble, she departed.

The Lady Russell went forth from the palace, convinced in her own mind that her husband's life would not be spared; and, more at peace than she had been for many days, she could scarcely understand how with such a settled conviction she could be calm. But she began to see the gracious design of Him to whom she prayed so constantly, to prepare her Himself, by the strong supports and consolations of His grace, for her heaviest trial.

She entered her husband's cell with a firm step and an untroubled countenance, and told him herself, and at once, with a voice that faltered only as she began to speak, that, according to his expectation, her errand to Whitehall had been utterly useless.

Still no possible and honourable way of saving him was left untried by her, and by their families and friends. Applications were again made, but made in vain, to those who possessed, humanly speaking, the power of life and death. The Earl of Bedford was said to have offered a hundred thousand pounds, through the Duchess of Portsmouth, for his son's life; but the unjust and cruel Government had determined that he should be sacrificed. No words can describe, like those of Burnet, the tender love of Lord Russell to his wife, and the high and grateful estimation in which he held her.

"Lord Russell expressed great joy in that magnanimity of spirit he saw in his wife, and said, the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he was afraid she would be hardly able to bear it: the concern about preserving him, he said, filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her.

"The morning before he suffered, he said he wished his wife would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation: (she was then making an attempt to gain a respite from Saturday till Monday, and that little favour was denied her:) but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow afterwards, that she had left nothing undone that could have given any probable hope, he acquiesced; and, indeed, I never saw his heart so near failing, as when he spake of her. Sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about and presently change the discourse. * * * * * *

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He suffered his children, that were very young, and some few of his friends, to take leave of him; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. At eleven o'clock on Friday evening, my lady left him: he kissed her four or five times; and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance at

their parting. She suffered neither sob nor tear to escape her, but quietly, silently departed. After she was gone, he said, 'Now the bitterness of death was passed,' and ran out into a long discourse concerning her; how great a blessing she had been to him; and said what a misery it would have been, if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life."

Soon after her husband's shameful execution, the Lady Russell was called to take her place as comforter, at the bed-side of the venerated Countess of Bedford, the once lovely Lady Anne Carr; who died of a broken heart at the death of her son, the Lord Russell.

HEDGE-ROW FLOWERS.

Here along the hedge-row side
Flow'rets of all colours hide;
Here the daisy, white and red,
Lifts to heaven its starry head;
Here the primrose, meek and pale,
Weeps to hear the lily's tale,
How, in former days and bowers,
Zephyr, stealing 'mid the flowers,
Woo'd her as he swept along,
With a sweet and balmy song,

Sweet, oh very sweet, and then
Left her in a lonely glen,
Near a river's glassy brim,
Till her cheek grew pale and dim,
And her beauty, once as bright
As the crimson rose's light,
Pass'd away like summer's beam
From the surface of a stream !—
Here the "little calendine,"
Sung by prouder harps than mine,*
Wooes the breeze to kiss away
The jewell'd dew-drops that inlay,
Like purest thoughts, its dainty breast!
Here the cowslip loves to rest,
And its yellow ringlets toss
O'er its couch of velvet moss !
Here the spotted foxglove dwells,
Ringing oft its fairy bells ;
And its sister, purely white,
Makes the shady places bright,
Like that maiden, mild and young,
By Spenser's magic numbers sung !

There are richer gems than these,
Kiss d and fann'd by many a breeze ;
Gems, on which the rainbow seems
To have flung Elysian gleams ;
And the SPIRIT OF PERFUME
To have wept ambrosial bloom !

R. F. H.

* Vide Wordsworth's Poems.

" THE TWICKENHAM GHOST."

> " L'aurore vint plutôt qu'à l'ordinaire
> De nos baisers interrompre le cours;
> Elle chassa les timides amours :
> Mais ton souris, peut-être, involontaire
> Leur accorda le rendezvous du soir."
>
> PARNY.

Come to the casement to-night,
  And look out at the bright lady-moon;
Come to the casement to-night,
  And I 'll sing you your favourite tune!
Where the stream glides beside the old tower,
  My boat shall be under the wall,—
Oh, dear one! be there in your bower,
  With Byron, a lamp, and your shawl.

Oh! come where no troublesome eye
  Can look on the vigil love keeps;
When there is not a cloud in the sky,
  What maid, *but an old maiden*, sleeps?
And you know not how sweet is the tone
  Of a song from a lip we have press'd,
When it breathes it " by moonlight alone,"
  To the ear of *the one* it loves best.

Oh! daylight love's music but mars,
  (As it breaks up the dance of the elves!)
The moon, and the stream, and the stars,
  Should hear it alone with ourselves:

And who 'd be content with "*I may,*"
  If they only would think of "*I might?*"
Or, *who* 'd listen to music by day,
  That had listen'd to music by night?

The Opera 's over by one,
  Lady Jersey's grows stupid at two;
I 'll dance just one waltz, and have done,
  Then be off, on the pony, for Kew!
My boat holds a cloak—a guitar,
  And it waits by that dark bridge for me;
And I 'll row, by the light of one star,
  Love's own, to the old tower, by three!

I 'll bring you that sweet canzonette,
  That we practised together last year;
And my own little miniature, set
  Round with emeralds—'tis *such* a dear!
You promised you 'd love me as long
  As your heart felt me close to it, there;
And, dear one! for that and the song,
  Won't you give me the locket of hair?

Farewell, sweet! be not in a fright,
  Should your grandmamma bid you beware
Of a youth, who was murder'd one night,
  And whose ghost haunts the dark waters there:
For *you* know, ever since his decease,
  Of a harmless young ghost, that 's allow'd
To go, by the River Police,
  Serenading about in his shroud!



THE YOUNG CRAB-CATCHERS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

DEEM not, with disdainful eye,
  This our print devoid of grace;
Mark the arch simplicity
  Of each youngster's earnest face:
E'en those Crabs, with sidelong pace,
  Please, unsightly though they be,
In their native dwelling-place,
  By the blue and boundless sea.

Lovely 'tis, in cowslip'd mead,
  Shady copse, or winding lane,
When the village-matrons lead
  Forth their young and sportive train:—
And, as gladsome by the main,
  Form'd for either element,
These, who know no flowery plain,
  With their rude sea-beach content.

Ocean's bleak and barren shore,
  With its ever-changing sky,
Is their HOME: the restless roar
  Of its waves their lullaby.
Look upon them with an eye
  Bound not by the *present's* span,
Thou wilt find their sports supply
  Training for each future man.

Hence, in years to come, shall they,
From their childhood taught to bear
Stormy winds and billows' spray,
Brave their manhood's sternest fare:
Now they only seem to share
Sunny sky and summer breeze,
Then their rugged forms shall dare
Wintry blasts and tossing seas.

In the moonless, starless night,
By some rock-engirdled shore,
Seen by lightnings blazing bright,
'Mid the thunder's deafening roar,
These shall danger's paths explore,
Braving death in every form,
Mindful of their birth of yore,
Cradled nurslings of the storm!

View them, as a Briton should,
With a glance of hope and pride;
Even in their childish mood,
With thy country's fame allied:
Soon to publish, far and wide,
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves:
Born to brave the ocean tide,
Britons never will be slaves!"

Ask not whether Venus rose,
Blushing, from the briny deep:
Richer boons its waves disclose
Than from fables we can reap;

While the winds which o'er them sweep,
  Scoff at fetters, as they fly,
Englishmen those boons will keep:
  And the *first* is LIBERTY!

SONNET

TO WILLIAM COLLINS, ESQ., R.A.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

PAINTER, each British Bard who loves the sea,
  With all the scenery of its winding shore,
  In sunshine's calm, or tempest's wild uproar,
Should hymn a grateful song of praise to thee!
For there, thy genius seems at home to be;
  And on thy living canvas we explore
  Beauties which, longer studied, please us more;
Bulwarks which found us, and which leave us, free.
While, by the dwellers in our sea-girt Isle,
  Its billowy borders are with pride beheld,
  So long shall bloom the wreath thou hast compell'd
Fame to entwine thee; and, with partial smile,
Shall England's voice, in exultation, style
  COLLINS his country's native Vandervelde.

A TRUE TALE OF SHIPWRECK.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

——— I doubt not
He came alive to land.
Alon. No, no, he's gone. *Tempest.*

It was in the autumn of 17—, that I left England for Italy, in company with my daughter, the last child of that family of brave and fair ones who had made my fireside so joyous, when I returned home from the voyages which my calling, of merchant, obliged me frequently to take. My two boys had fallen gloriously on the field of battle; and of my girls, two had already perished by an insidious disease; to avoid which, beneath the bright skies and gentler airs of the south, I was now again, for the sake of the remaining one, about to become a wanderer.

We left our now desolate home with feelings we dared not acknowledge to each other, and only spoke of the *future*. My child seemed to be possessed with an insatiable yearning to rest in some quiet retreat near Rome or Naples; and, therefore, to avoid the fatigue of a long over-land journey, we embarked at Falmouth, on board a small vessel bound to Leghorn; resolving to reserve Switzerland, France, and the Rhine Country, till our return: and, in dwelling upon our plans, we endeavoured, as much as possible, to forget the chasm which death had made in our affections in the short space of two years.

Our voyage was prosperous for many days: and,

indeed, there seemed every reason to think that the step I had taken was a fortunate one; for my invalid certainly looked less pale, and her colour was less changeable than it had been since we left Hampshire. Her spirits, too, were relieved of a part of the oppression they had borne so long; and she loved to sit on the deck for hours every day, and, for the first time since our calamity, would sing me my favourite romances, and the wild airs I had brought her across the seas. There is one Hindoo tune, which, as it was my greatest favourite, she always sung the last. I verily think that to hear it *now* would drive me to distraction.

Towards the evening of the day when we passed Marseilles, the sky darkened, the sun set behind a huge bank of heavy clouds, and the wind began to arise, and to sweep the waters with a loud moaning swell, which died fitfully into silence, again to awaken with a wilder and sadder tone. I had so often crossed the sea, and been an attentive observer of the signs of the heavens, that I foresaw a storm was approaching; and I persuaded Helen to retire to our miserable little cabin earlier than usual, while I watched, with an anxious heart, the gathering of the clouds, and the fading of the day-light. The captain was a silent, and somewhat rude man, (we had only chosen his vessel to avoid a delay which, my daughter's physicians had assured me, might be fraught with peril;) and the crew were mostly Maltese and Italians, a people who, on the sea,

are proverbially timid and insubordinate. It was, however, too late to think of these things: the gale presently increased till I could hardly keep my feet; the sails were all close reefed, and we scudded along with a fearful speed. There was neither moon nor star that night; and the only light I could discern was the foam of the waters, which boiled, like a mighty cauldron, on every side.

The crew were now all thoroughly terrified, and incapable of comprehending or executing the captain's orders. They rummaged their sea-chests for the images of saints long forgotten, and knelt to them, weeping like children, and praying, and vowing costly offerings to their shrines, if they might be delivered from their peril, while the storm increased every instant.

It was about midnight that the man at the helm gave a loud cry, which I shall remember to my dying day, the cry of "Land!" It was even too true: we had mistaken our course, and were fast approaching an iron-bound and rocky shore. Dreadful was now the uproar on deck: shrieks, and oaths, and confessions of crimes long concealed, were heard even above the fiercest wrath of the storm. At length the captain ordered the boats out; and while the men prepared to obey his commands, I hurried below to prepare my daughter for the worst. I had been several times that evening in her cabin, and marvelled at, while I admired, the calm self-possessed courage she maintained, amid so much calculated to terrify a

woman's spirit. I now found her dressed, and on her knees, though that attitude was scarce possible from the deep pitching of our crazy vessel. She arose, and, without a word or expression of fear, suffered me to wrap her in my cloak, and to support her up to the deck.

By this time the boats were lowered—and only just in time. With a shock, like the rending of the eternal hills, the vessel struck upon a rock; and the terrified mariners crowded into the boats, frail and leaky though they were, with the selfish eagerness of fear. I waited but an instant ere I committed my child to these, our only insecure chance of life; for the vessel had sprung a leak, and was fast filling: and while I yet paused, there came an immense wave, which broke over the vessel and boats with the roar of a cataract. It subsided;—but I never saw our companions more.

There was now little time to deliberate: the shore seemed not very far, (indeed, I had certainly seen a light in that direction,) and the vessel was rapidly filling. I emptied, therefore, in haste, two of the largest sea-chests I could find, and, binding them together by the handles with a rope, lowered them from the vessel's side. It was our only hope of life; and, almost without a word spoken, my child placed herself by my side, though, owing to the pitching of the vessel, this was a work of difficulty; and we committed ourselves to the waves. From this moment I remember nothing.

When I returned to consciousness, I found myself lying, in an old ruinous shed, upon some straw. Helen was beside me; saved indeed, but so bruised and exhausted that, as she lay there, with the water streaming from her garments and her long loose hair, it was an instant ere my dizzy senses could believe that she yet lived. A lamp was placed beside her on the clay floor, and a dark loose mantle, which were signs that some human being had been there. I spoke to her,—I bent over her,—and supported her unresisting head upon my knee. "Father," said she, softly, "I think I am dying."

"O God! and is there no help?"

"I know not," she said feebly; "and yet, since I have been here, I have seen twice an old man, who has looked upon me through the door, and who left this lamp here." That instant a thought struck me that there must be habitations near, and I resolved to seek shelter and assistance: but first I made my poor girl more comfortable, if gathering up the straw into a close heap under her head, and covering her with the coarse rug or mantle, could be called comfort; and then, in an agony, rushed out into the open air.

The earliest dawn, which had partially broken upon the stormy sky, enabled me to discern, at a little distance, a small hut or cabin, whence the light proceeded which I had not been mistaken in imagining I had perceived. As far as I could see, this, and the shed I had just left, were the only dwellings of man near: they stood upon a broken rock which

overhung the sea. The hope of obtaining succour gave wings to my feet, though, when I attempted to walk, the pain was excessive, for I too was bruised and wounded: but it mattered not; I thought only of Helen, and, guided by the light, made haste towards the cottage, which was distant about one hundred yards.

Misfortune abolishes ceremony; and, perceiving, from the sound of voices, that the inhabitants were yet astir in the house, I raised the latch, unbidden, and entered what seemed to be the cottage of a fisherman. The room, though small, was scrupulously clean, and neatly furnished: a bright fire was blazing on the hearth. The appearance of the place seemed to promise a friendly shelter; not so the countenances of its inhabitants. By the side of the fire sat an old man and woman, decently clad in the provincial dress; the features of both were singularly stern and hard, and they rose not, neither testified surprise at my intrusion. I had therefore to speak in French, as well as I could, and tell them of our calamity. "We are English," I said—

"English!" interrupted the austere old man, for the first time breaking silence, and speaking in pure good French. "Wife! do you hear this? Thank God, our prayer is granted, and our vow shall be fulfilled! Go, stranger, and clamour elsewhere: I have no aid for you!"

"But," cried I, passionately, "I am shipwrecked and wounded, and have lost every thing, and my

daughter is dying hard by; dying of cold and weariness! Give us shelter and dry clothing; and I promise you an ample reward, so soon as I can send to Marseilles."

"What I will not give I will not sell," replied the old man, in the same cold and unmoved tone. "Go back to your daughter; I have brought you both from the shore, and given you a light and a garment. What would you have more? Go!"

"But, good heavens! have you no mercy? no human feeling? You, my good woman, may have been a mother yourself. You may"—

"Aye," cried she, bitterly, rising, and confronting me, face to face; "I *have* been a mother! Listen to me—*I* had a daughter. My husband there, was captain and owner of the fairest ship that sailed out of the port of Marseilles: I sailed with him, and my child, who was then eighteen, and fifty times as fair as your pale girl—she was to be married when we returned. Well, our vessel was wrecked on the western coast of your island: the rocks were crowded with people; but they put no boats out, nor came to save the poor perishing wretches who shrieked for aid, even in the struggles of death. Of the crew, we three were alone saved, with what treasure we could bear about us; and your people helped us vastly! They rifled us of our money, and tore the rings from the ears and fingers of my Rosalie, and broke open our chests, while my husband and I were too weak and wounded to resist their plunder, and knew not a

word of their language to complain. And my Rosalie they left on the cold wet sand in her swoon—left her for an hour, with the spray dashing over her; and then two rude men brought her rudely into the hut where they had laid us, believing we were dead, —brought her in, wounded, and crushed, and pale, and bleeding: yet they searched her for money, and she,—old man! she died that night! and they buried her in their churchyard.

"It pleased God, however, that we both recovered, though none cared for us, nor restored us the money or the clothes they had robbed us of. We begged our way through the country, through a land of strangers who hated our nation. Even the very children jeered at us as we passed them, and the magistrates put us in prisons and stocks. But, at last, thank God! we got home; and we bound ourselves with a solemn vow, as your people had dealt with us, so to deal with you, should ever a like chance happen. That vow we have broken already, this night. Here" (giving me a bundle from a clothes-press) "is clothing: and here" (handing me, as she spoke, a crust of black bread and a cup of water) "is food. Go, old man! and, as you sit by your dying daughter,* remember the tale I have told you."

It was in vain to make further entreaty: the inexorable old woman, when she had ceased, returned to her seat; nor could prayer, or the anguish of a

* The *materiel* of this narrative is taken from an incident mentioned in the "Life and Times of De Foe."

distracted father, extort another word from her. It was in the chill sickness of despair that I turned away from the door, which I heard immediately and closely barred behind me; and, with the wretched food and raiment I had received, hastened eagerly to the shed where my beloved child lay.

The churlish aid had been given too late: for the feeble spirit had left its clay in my absence; and I sat alone, in my agony, beside her dust, till the morning dawned.

THE UPAS TREE.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

In Java's distant isle there grows
  A tree that taints the air;
And baneful poison round, it throws
  On all who wander there:
We pity him compell'd to brave
  Its pestilential breath,
And view him, as a wretched slave,
  Condemn'd to hopeless death.

Yet if we look in many a heart,
  We find a plant of sin,
Whose rankling venom can impart
  As certain death within;
'Tis Discontent, which poisons all
  That blessings else might be;
And well may Truth the spoiler call
  The spirit's Upas Tree!



CUPID AND NYMPH.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

In a cradle, built of flowers,—
Flowers that blossomed at *his* smile,—
'Mid the shade of myrtle bowers,
Weary with his baby-toil;
Rocked by summer's sweetest sigh,
(Sighs have, ever, followed love!)
Shadowed from the burning sky,
By the fanning roof, above;
Listening to the cushat's hymn,
—Like an echo, low but deep,—
Till his eyes, like violets dim,
Shut, beneath the dew of sleep;
Folded wing, and bow unstrung,
Cupid, at the noon, reposes,
Like a sheet of sunshine flung,
Through the vine-leaves, on the roses!—
Gentle as he bore no dart,
As a mortal child serene,
Sleeping—like a peaceful heart,
Where *his* touch hath never been;
Calm as though he knew no guile,
Joyous as he slew not joy,
Smiling, as *they* seldom smile
Who have wandered with the boy!

Who upon his slumber breaks,
Through the maples, like the moon,—
With a tread that music makes,
Like the south wind's tiny tune,—
With sandal-flowers upon her feet,
And flower-crowns in her braided hair,
And more than makes a mortal's beat
Throbbing within her bosom bare?—
Mirth—half subdued by love's eclipse,—
Lies dreaming in her languid eye;
And fancy breathes upon her lips,
In half a smile and half a sigh,—
As bending down, her heaving heart
Rouses the child, with loud alarms,
And, from his dream, with sudden start,
He wakens, in her glowing arms!—
And playfully the Dryad smiles
To watch the throbbing of his breast,
Wild as—beneath the urchin's wiles,—
Have broken many a mortal rest;
And, stooping o'er his smiling brow,
She threats him with his pilfered bow!

Fling down the bow!—and away, away,
Over the far blue hills,
Back to the glades where thy sisters play,
Or the caves where they sleep, at the close of day,
To the sound of lulling rills!—
Away—away, with thy looks of light,
And thy foot-fall faint and fleet,

But pause no more, on thy homeward flight,
In dalliance soft and sweet !—
While thy heart is a free and happy thing,
Away to thy deepest grove !
And never more, by wood or spring,
Wake, from it's peaceful slumbering,
The laughing eye of love !—
Oh ! sport not with his flowery spell,
It is a flowery *chain*,—
As many a mortal breast may tell,
And many a mortal brain !
And, half immortal as thou art,
What were thy gift of years ?
The boon to drag an aching heart
Through many an age of tears,—
To wear *unfading* poison-flowers,—
And long to die, through *deathless* hours !

NO MORE.

BY A. TENNYSON, ESQ.

Oh sad *No More!* Oh sweet *No More!*
Oh strange *No More!*
By a mossed brookbank on a stone
I smelt a wildweed-flower alone ;
There was a ringing in my ears,
And both my eyes gushed out with tears.
Surely all pleasant things had gone before,
Lowburied fathom deep beneath with thee, No More !

THE BROTHER'S REVENGE:

A WESTERN TALE.

BY JOHN CARNE, ESQ.

About a mile from the bold and beautiful promontory that terminates Britain to the West, is the broad and sandy bay of Sennen: the shores are lofty, being naked precipices, interspersed with long green slopes, on whose wild verdure the scattered sheep are seen grazing. There are other bays or inlets on the same line of coast; but this, being situated close to the last point of land, has a waste and restless character that is more impressive, perhaps, than softer scenery. At the foot of the cliff is a straggling village, whose dwellings are, it is true, within hail of each other, but not nestled side by side, to secure mutual protection from the storms. The minds and manners of the people are in unison with their scenery: but the last time my feet wandered to this spot, that can hardly be discerned by the stranger's eye, it seemed to be greatly changed: a more quiet spirit had come on the people; their demeanour was more subdued. On the left was an ancient dwelling, with a large, roughly paved court, whose lofty walls excluded any gleam of the fine sweep of ocean beyond, save from the topmost windows. Here dwelt the wealthiest inhabitant: and though riches in the cove were comparative, confined to some land, a

few flocks of sheep, and boats, and netting, yet it was a sweet and sufficient thing to be the chief in so lone a village.

One of the darkest deeds (the leading facts of which are authentic), in the records of the cove, was done about thirty years ago. At this period the practice of smuggling was rife along the whole coast; and the peculiar situation of this place, close to the utmost verge of the land, and full of caverns that served as excellent hiding-places for contraband goods, rendered it a favourite haunt of the daring men who often set the laws at defiance with impunity. One sullen evening in November, when the wind, blowing hard off shore, seemed to render any attempt at landing hazardous, a small cutter was descried, rounding the lofty promontory, and steering her course directly for the beach. And here, many a restless step paced to and fro, and many an anxious and menacing look was directed towards the summit of the heights above, where the revenue-officers were expected to appear every moment—and then towards the vessel, that battled stoutly with the waves. In a short time she drew nigh, and her boats pushed off, deeply laden; and loud and exulting were the cries that rose from the crew and the fishermen, as the heavy barrels were rolled on the sand towards the village.

The cutter, as soon as she had landed all her cargo, spread her sails again to the gale, and went rapidly out of the bay. Ere she disappeared

round the point, another arrival, but far less welcome, was descried from the hamlet: a body of soldiers, led on by the excise-officers, who had obtained intelligence of the cutter being expected on the coast. So rapidly, however, had the cargo been disposed of in the cottages, that not a single keg of brandy or hollands was visible to the eager eye of the officers. Baffled and enraged, they proceeded to enter and examine all the dwellings; but in this they were desperately opposed: the villagers rallied to defend their plunder; and the military were obliged to take refuge in the court-yard of the aforesaid ancient dwelling, whose lofty walls offered a safe rampart against the efforts of the exasperated smugglers. The latter gathered around the spot with oaths and vows of vengeance; for they had the loss of more than one valuable cargo to avenge on these very men. All night the soldiers remained under arms in this enclosure, expecting every moment that it would be forced by the villagers, who were armed with muskets and other weapons. Several of the former were discharged from without, but with little execution; and the soldiers forbore to return the fire, for fear of provoking a general and ruthless assault. During the night the whole of the cargo was conveyed over the country, and horses, mules, and vehicles, were put in requisition for this purpose.

Among the smugglers were two brothers of the name of Reseigh. These men had got about twenty

pieces of spirits to their own share, by their activity and daring: the younger busied himself in rolling them up the sand, while the elder kept guard over them on the bank above: for the peasants of the neighbourhood began to prowl about the contested spot. It was afterwards agreed that the younger should join the party who were now assailing the military, while his brother conveyed the booty to a place of safety. When morning broke, the smugglers dispersed, well knowing that aid would soon arrive to the assailed, and not wishing to have their persons recognised. The younger Reseigh hastened to his brother's cottage, whom he found tranquilly seated by the fire. On inquiring where he had bestowed the forbidden goods, and claiming the half as his share, the other briefly denied any such agreement, and refused to name the place of concealment. The youth again and again entreated, but in vain. Incensed to the last degree, he upbraided his brother with his treachery: the latter, with a calm and bitter smile, bade him go down and wait on the beach till the waves wafted them to his hand; the former turned on the deceiver a look full of hatred, and instantly left the dwelling: it was not to seek for the plunder, but to take away life, that he went. His horse had been taken by some of his neighbours to hasten the conveyance of the goods into the country; but such was the eager bent of his mind that he instantly set out on foot, on a journey of nearly forty miles, for the town of Fal-

mouth, in order to impeach his brother. This accusation was certain to affect the life of the latter, who had been seen to discharge a musket at the soldiers, by which one of them was wounded; and he was the first to incite the smugglers to the attack.

It is strange that, during his rapid and weary walk, no relentings entered his breast, no softening remembrances of the terms of kindness and attachment on which the brothers had lived for many years: they were the only living children of their parents, yet the revengeful fisherman was bent to destroy his last relative. He said, afterwards, that he was not aware of the fatal termination of his journey, and only meant to punish his brother by an imprisonment; but the truth was, the loss of his share in the valuable plunder rankled in his heart, and the last words of his brother, accompanied by that cruel smile, when he bade him go to the water's side and seek his prey, rang in his ears, like the whisper of a demon urging him on. It was true he had been foully wronged:—and he continued to walk without ceasing, heedless of the length or fatigue of the way: the previous night of watching and fatigue seemed to have no effect on his iron frame; and, when evening came, he entered the town where his purpose was to be accomplished. His information was given to willing and eager ears: the authorities were bent on punishing to the utmost so daring an outrage, and had already dispatched officers to apprehend some of the delinquents; but, in the

hamlet, all were guilty alike, and not one was found to accuse his neighbour. The part the younger Reseigh had taken in the fray, as well as the spoil, was forgiven, for the sake of his information against his more guilty brother: the latter was instantly apprehended, and brought handcuffed to the town. He had been taken in the fulness of his heart, in his own cottage, when congratulating himself on the success of his treachery, by which the rich booty was all his own. The two brothers met as the latter was brought into the magistrate's house; and the look of the accuser sunk before that of his victim, who fixed his eye on him, for the first time, with deep and deadly hatred.

"D'ye think, George, you've done a good day's work? All the waves o' the sea can't wash your brother's blood from your hands: and 'tis for a few kegs o' hollands you've done this. Villain! whenever ye taste spirits again, think that every drop cost his life; and they'll be like fire in your bones."

These words were never forgotten by the survivor, any more than the calm and bitter smile with which, in his cottage on the shore, he had told him to go and wait at the water's edge for his share in the spoil. And now the time drew on for the trial: many witnesses were called from the scene of the outrage; and the hamlet was almost emptied of its dwellers in order to elicit the fullest evidence on the subject. In the mean time the accused, as may be imagined, passed his hours in

misery: he was to be called, suddenly and unexpectedly, to his long account; and he thought of the quiet and remote cove, where, for so many years, he had lived, in the lawless desires of his heart, with intense attachment. Of what consequence or worth were a few pieces of liquor, compared to the being summoned from his family, and all he held dear, in the prime of life. And, oh! that this should be by a brother's hand—by the youngest son of his mother—to whom, till the fatal hour when he was tempted to defraud him by the value of the booty, he had always behaved with kindness. He cursed the price of blood: in his agony he invoked curses on his accuser's head, and called on the spirits of his father and mother to haunt him during life, and revenge the death of their eldest-born. But these feelings could bring no comfort to his prison walls, nor throw a hope around eternity, for which the wretched man was all unprepared. His sufferings were aggravated, if possible, by the constant visits of his neighbours from the cove, who took a warm part in his feelings; inveighed against his relative's conduct; and then, without thinking, perhaps, how cruelly they probed the prisoner's spirit, they spoke of some daring enterprise at hand, of some golden adventure along the coast, that was to be more productive than any of the past. Reseigh's eyes brightened fiercely at the tale; and then words of insatiable longing, mingled with deep despair, broke from his

lips:—where the wave broke on the shore, and the spoil came richly on it, he was never more to be!

The hour of his fate drew nigh: he was put on his trial; the information of his brother, who had sworn to the fact of his firing on the troops, was confirmed by the evidence of others who were in the fray, that was all unwillingly extracted; and he was condemned to be hanged.

Ere the day for the execution came, the younger brother returned to Sennen Cove; but the place was a changed one to him. He found that the looks of his neighbours were cold, and their words brief: they felt that a cruel and heartless thing had been done; and that not only the accused man, but their whole community, had been sinned against. The accuser ought never to have returned to the place: he should have sought some distant scene, where the tale of his injury and his revenge was unknown, and no one could point the finger of scorn at him, and say, "There is the murderer of his brother!" In place of dropping in of an evening at one of the scattered cottages, and chatting the hours away with his brother fishermen, and planning some new enterprize, he was compelled to confine himself in general to his own dwelling. In truth, it could not be otherwise: when his hand lifted the latch of some former intimate, and darkened the door, the wife, who was spinning beside the wall, would cast a hasty glance towards him, but no word of welcome came from her lips: and the village girls, whose

look had often lingered on his youthful and robust form, cared less to conceal their feelings; some bitter and biting word was cast in the teeth of the intruder, while the father, mending his nets by the fire side, half muttered a curse on his head. This could not be borne: it was in vain that he strove at first to stem the tide, and plead the great loss his brother's treachery had caused him:—it was sternly answered, were a few ankers of spirits a sufficient price for a brother's blood? One old woman, the oldest in the village, who had been the companion of his mother in childhood, bade him go to that mother's grave, on the wild grassy heath above, and say aloud over her bones, that her first and favourite son was slain by the youngest born.

Beneath this general neglect and dislike, the hardihood of the man's mind gave way: remorse might otherwise have stood apart for a while, and not yet claimed her victim; but now she entered his dwelling, and never quitted it again. When he sat within his chamber beside his lonely fire, it was impossible that the past could be forgotten; and then, the sounds without aided the weight of these reflections.

It was now the beginning of winter. His dwelling stood on the brink of the deep: the winds that had swept over the Atlantic, howled around the exposed walls during the long evenings; the surge broke high on the rocks beneath, and then recoiled, hoarse and muttering, only to return with more

fury: there was a warning and a fear in the mingled sounds. A few months before, he had little heeded them, or they had rather lent an excitement to the flagging hours: but the current of his feelings and imagination was entirely altered; and the iron-hearted smuggler started wildly at times, as wave after wave rushed on with the voice o. destruction: —at least so it seemed to him; and then he clasped his hands across his broad and heaving breast, and looked forth through his narrow window sadly at the gathering storm. There were moments also that tried his spirit perhaps even more than these: when the wind was fair, the hope of his neighbours bright, their eyes flashing as they crowded the shore, and, rushing into their boats, rowed fast and joyously towards some distant sail, scarcely seen in the horizon. It was some friendly French or Dutch vessel, heavily laden with spirits; and they had descried her signal afar, and hastened, like birds of prey to the battle-field, to gather their loved and outlawed spoil. Reseigh looked on like a stranger: no eye invited him,—no voice claimed his ready and well-tried aid; he stood on the shore apart, surveying the scene with a gloomy and disconsolate look. Before, his oar had flashed in the foremost boat, his voice cheered his comrades, and his pistols and musket been placed ready at his side: but another form was then at that side—a form that had been near in peril and in joy, and more than once screened him amidst the musket's flash

and the sabre's sway:—and where was that form now? Hanging shamefully suspended by a wretched cord, the gibe of his fellow-creatures, the prey of the birds of the air. The young man clenched his hands hard, and gnashed his teeth, and looked long and fiercely on the retiring boats, and then turned his steps towards his own dwelling.

Time rolled on in the lonely cove as swiftly as in the palaces of kings: a year had passed away, and Reseigh plied his trade as a fisherman, easily gaining sufficient for his subsistence. Summer had come again, with those bright and beautiful evenings that rendered the wild and sublime scenery of the coast more impressive than the fairest scenes, though rich with woods, fields, and streams. On one of these evenings he wandered out along the shore, and strolled from one rocky point to another: in several parts of the cliff were caverns, in parts invaded by the tide, in others standing aloof above high-water mark. Wearied with his progress, he at last sat down on the slope of the declivity, near the mouth of a small cavern that was half filled by the wave. He had never marked this spot before; and, urged by some curiosity,—for the tradition always went that these places had been receptacles of spoil in former time,—he descended with some difficulty, and made his way along the sides of the cavern, above the calm tide, by clinging to the projecting rocks. As he advanced farther, the interior became more narrow and dry; and what was his astonishment to

discern at last, by the fading light of day through the mouth of the cave, a number of ankers of spirits, ranged carefully along the ledge of the rock, entire and unbroken:—he saw clearly that these were the very kegs for the loss of which he had sold his brother's life! Ever since his return, he had never cared for them: sometimes, indeed, a passing thought would cross his mind, of where his brother could possibly have concealed them. A vivid joy came to his features, as he stood on the ledge of the rock: the objects on which he had set his soul were there, and only asked his strong hand to convey them to his dwelling. His brother had evidently brought the spoil to this spot in his boat during the night of the fray, and, it being a flood tide, had easily landed it where he hoped no eye but his own could penetrate. But by degrees that look of joy gave way to one of sadder and darker meaning: a loathing and abhorrence grew on his aspect, like that with which a man views the enemy who has accomplished his utter ruin; and then, spurning the booty fiercely with his foot, he broke out into loud and fearful curses, that rang through the echoes of the cavern as if a demon had uttered them; and then, as the violence of these emotions subsided, he sat down on a fragment of the rock, and wept with the passion of an infant; for he remembered, when their mother died, how his brother and himself, when boys, had come often and descended these very cliffs, and braved their

rugged depths; and the former had sustained his more tender steps, and aided him from rock to rock. Had that parent now stood beside the murderer, she would have said, that if the sacrifice was dreadful, the retribution was equally so, as the strong fisherman sat bowed and broken-hearted beneath the torment of his own conscience,—the dim twilight, that struggled through the interior of the cavern, falling on his half-shrouded form, that writhed to and fro as if the hand of a mortal disease had stricken him, his moans coming fast and deep, and heard distinctly above the low plash of the tide at his feet.

The night had set in darkly ere he quitted the cavern and passed on towards his own home, heeding not, in the strife of his thoughts, the steepness as well as peril of some parts of the way; and then he entered his cottage, and sat down beside the darkened hearth. The night was so warm that he cared not to kindle a fire, or even a candle, for the dimness of the chamber was welcome to his feelings; and there he sat, long and painfully, the victim of those feelings against whose power he struggled but faintly, his head resting on his hand, in the large and rudely shaped arm chair that had always been his father's seat. Any sound—any alarm, at that moment—the distant gun of the king's ship—the rallying cry of the smuggler—would have been dear and welcome: but no sound came but the faint passing of the sea-breeze among the green slopes

and rocks, and the fainter plash of the low wave that followed, like a mournful burden. He looked till his eye grew fixed and glazed as that of the dead; and his hands, like those that move no more, were clenched violently together: and with his lips he strove to utter words, but none came forth; for there, seated directly in his view, in the chair opposite, was the form of his brother. It was strange how awfully visible the white shroud, the white hue of the hands, and feet, and face, made that form seem amidst the total darkness of the chamber. The fratricide gazed on his brother with a look of horror, yet of unutterable sorrow; he felt him to be there before him, yet in that state that could not feel or love,—a state that might not be named. He struggled to speak, but no word came forth: he would have given the world to say, "My brother!" but could not: all moveless the appearance sat, and wordless, yet every feature spoke: the pale, thin, and unearthly face, as of one who suffered fearfully, looked into the murderer's soul, and seemed to say, "Thus hast thou changed me;" and on the lips was the same calm and bitter smile with which he had told him, in that very room, and from the same chair, to go and wait beside the wave for his share of the spoil. That smile had rankled in his thoughts more than the words, when urging him to the cruel deed; and now it sat on the dead man's lips in horrid mockery, for the words had just been fulfilled:—the spoil was found, even at the water's

edge, where it had so long lain concealed; and the hand that had concealed it was before him, but it was a spectre's hand!

He never knew how long he thus sat with his fearful companion; but his own wild cry at last brought relief: the feet of some of the neighbours were heard rapidly approaching, and the form passed away. But that hour produced a change in the survivor: it broke and subdued the rebellious spirit that had so long warred with remorse, and neglect, and contempt; its fierceness sunk into submission and quietness—that message from the dead he could not withstand: how light and gentle were the biting words, and averted looks, of his former comrades, to the shock both his fancy and senses had sustained! The village saw that he was another man; but they knew not the cause. It was observed that he chose less to be alone; that, instead of sullenly keeping within the walls of his dwelling, he sought, when night came, the wild and open heath above, or the sandy, sea-beaten shore, as if the free air and the dim face of the sky, with the far sweep of the billows, had some companionship for him; but the dread was on his mind of meeting again the tenant of the grave. On this account he often lingered late out at sea on his solitary fishing-ground: the boats of the neighbours, as they passed rapidly by on their return to the cove, called to Reseigh to return, sometimes with a warning that the rising wind presaged a storm: but he preferred to wait till near the

dawn of day; and, as this was the practice at times of other fishermen, when the night was a productive one, it was the less noticed.

Although it was now the middle of winter, the fire-sides of these villagers were not dreary. Often, at evening, a circle of the fishermen, with their wives and children, sat round, and talked of the deeds of the past season, and the plans of the coming one: then the keg of right hollands was broached by the old man of the dwelling, whose faded eye flashed, as it touched his lips, and he heard it loudly praised by the circle: it was, perhaps, the spoil of his own hands. Many a wild tale of the night when it was gained then followed; and more than one crime was fearlessly avowed. To such habits of daring and depravity was it possible that any happy change could come? These people were seldom known to attend any place of worship: there was a small and ancient church on the heath above, yet they seldom went thither. But during this winter a stranger came to the gloomy shore and its poor hamlet,—a man of a bold spirit, whose zeal urged him to seek the most profligate and resolute, as favourite subjects for his addresses; and these addresses were given with such sincere and ardent feeling, that these men, after a few days were passed, did not oppose the intruder's residence among them: in truth, it was evident, from the moment he set his foot in the hamlet, he considered it as his prey.

Scenes such as now took place had no prelude in

the history of the cove. When the sabbath came, the dwellers were no longer seen lounging listlessly on the beach, the rocks, or beside their boats, that were left dry on the sand at ebb tide; but they were gathered, the greater part of them, to listen to the man who had thus come to dwell among them. The latter was, in some measure, suited to his auditory: with a resolved bearing and vehement action, with words of terror, and more rarely of entreaty, on his lips, it was strange to see how he could prevail with those whom the menace of the law, and the sabre and cannon of the king's ships, had not appalled. The women of the hamlet looked on his pallid features and eloquent eye, at first with pity and then with interest, while the rugged men, who refused to lift a hand to harm him, turned aside and spoke briefly to each other: for they felt, what was perfectly new to them, that this stranger was sincerely interested in their behalf; hitherto every man's hand had been against them,—in each strange aspect they had suspected a messenger of the law,—each armed cutter that passed the bay seemed on the watch to work them ill.

The lonely missionary was delighted with his rude abode: he had learned in the school of his celebrated teacher, Wesley, to look only to the reward of his toils, and bear the heat and weariness of the day with joy. He dwelt in one of the cottages, mingled familiarly with its tenants, joined their repasts, and at night sat beside their hearth; but his days passed

beautifully away, in wandering round the terrors of the coast, in exploring the deep and narrow glen, where the waves slept in peace, and the hoary cavern mantled with rich verdure. Scenes like these were perfectly new to him: in every sublime spot the enthusiast saw the hand of Him he served, and deemed himself more happy amidst nature and her rude tenants than in the palaces of kings: then he loved to join in the converse of the circle, his mild and impressive voice contrasting strangely with the rugged and deep tones of the smugglers.

There was one dwelling that stood a little apart from the rest, which he was observed to enter more frequently: it was that of the young and despairing fisherman. By Reseigh these visits were never repelled: it was for the first time, for many months, that a friendly voice had been heard, or a friendly form seen, there; and he spoke a brief welcome, and pointed his visitor to the vacant chair beside the fire. To the latter the walls of this cottage were as dear as the martyr's prison,—what subject could be finer for his zeal than the guilty, desolate tenant!—and his heart thrilled, and his eye beamed with pity and sympathy, as he drew the sullen man by degrees to speak of his past career,—of the war in his soul, and the fearful deed in which it had closed. As the latter spoke, unwonted relief, to his surprise, came with his broken words: for he told of his brother's kindness in earlier years, when they were both left young by their mother, and the former had been

to him as a stay and a shield. "And by me he was sacrificed," said the wretched man: "Esau was beguiled of his birthright by the younger, and yet he spared him: he spoiled me of a few miserable pieces of liquor, and I slew him." And he clasped his hands. He then paused, as if ashamed of his emotion, set his teeth hard, and strove to look sternly in the face of his visitor, while his hand trembled with the weakness of a child's. "Hope comes to all," he muttered, "but there is none for me." The latter regarded him long and earnestly; and the look of the daring smuggler quailed beneath that fixed and gentle one that had no upbraiding: and then he spoke resistlessly; for he spoke of hope and mercy, and each word fell like the voice of an angel on the ear of the hopeless man. By degrees the cry of blood, that had reached to heaven, grew fainter; and the dread of the avenger, that haunted him, like Cain, through the world, loosened its hold on his soul.

Many an hour of the long and tempestuous evenings was passed thus in the cottage:—it was scarcely possible that efforts so persevering should fail at last of success; and he only who has exquisitely suffered, can tell how beautiful is the first dawning of rest. When Reseigh had trimmed his fire, and placed his room in order, he listened to catch the first soft approach of footsteps along the beach, and then looked a welcome more warm and heart-felt than words could speak, on the pale countenance of his comforter; and when the latter had

departed, the silent shore alone witnessed his nightly prayers,—the rocks of the iron coast echoed to the pourings forth of a deep and agonized repentance. By degrees the avenues of mercy were opened: with the dominion of guilt that of ignorance and impiety passed away also; and the veil that had shrouded the invisible world, fell from his eyes.

It was a lovely morning in the early spring, and the men of the hamlet were busied in preparing their boats for a fishing excursion of some days, when Reseigh came on the beach, and requested they would accompany him to a spot at a short distance, for a peculiar purpose that would be to their advantage. With some reluctance they pushed their boats off, and rowed slowly, at his direction, to the foot of the sloping cliff, till they came to a narrow and winding cave, the same in which the fatal booty had been deposited. His companions, at first, looked in wonder on the goodly array of kegs of choice spirits, to the number of twenty, ranged along the side of the rock; and then their eyes gleamed with joy, like those of the wolf over the forsaken fold. Reseigh looked calmly, first at the smugglers and then at the spoil. "Take them," he said, "and welcome; bear them to your homes, and may they bring you joy; but not a drop shall ever touch my lips!" The men were loud in their thanks; and many an eager hand was instantly laid on the barrels, which were borne hurriedly to the boats. Reseigh sat on the rock, and listened to the retiring plash of their oars with a sad

and stern pleasure; the sacrifice brought its reward. He rose and turned his steps from the place, and ascended the cliff towards the wild and green heath that spread above, whose pastures were covered with scattered flocks of sheep; but no trees offered a shade from the now scorching rays of the sun: the sea-breeze had died away, and the sea slept without a sound beneath. The lonely man came to a small mound covered with rank grass, that marked, with many others, the rude cemetery of the fishermen and their families. He uncovered his head, and knelt down there, for some moments, in silence; but the big tears that rolled, all unwonted, down his weather-beaten cheek, shewed the anguish must be deep that could bow the strong man thus. "O my mother," he said, in broken accents, "forgive me! Visit me not for slaying your first-born! Curse me not from the grave! *He* prayed," after a long pause, "that your spirit might haunt me through the world!" And he groaned heavily, the victim of the superstitious fears of his province, as well as of his remorse. The sun beating on his naked head,—the deep loneliness of the place, only broken by the passing wail of the sea-bird, were unheeded, while he knelt there long: for these feelings were too new, too rich to disturb, even by the slightest change of posture; and the man, who had laughed at the fiercest tempests of the Atlantic, was humbled like a "bruised reed," or crushed flower, shrinking beneath the faintest air.

When he returned to the hamlet, he found that

kindly feelings had come again: those whom he met no longer averted their looks, or gave a brief and sullen greeting; but there was pity in their words. This change had, in fact, come gradually over the feelings of the people: they had long seen, and not unmoved, his anguish and his repentance; and the late deed of unwonted generosity had greatly softened them.

On the following evening, he ventured to enter a dwelling that his steps had, in former time, often visited: the girl, whom he had loved deeply, dwelt there; but what had love to do with a state of soul such as his had lately been? It had better have been still a stranger there. The family received him with kindness, and the daughter placed a chair at the table, around which they were seated at their evening meal: and, afterwards, the neighbours dropt in one after another; and the laugh, the jest, and the tale went round, for all allusion to the guest or his past career was carefully avoided. It was the first time, for many months, that courtesy or friendliness had been shown him: it was not to obtain these, however, that he had sought the dwelling; but to gaze on features that were once very dear to him. They were, in truth, the handsomest in the village, and were admired by other youths also; but Reseigh had been the favoured lover. The girl was finely formed, with a complexion beautifully clear and fair, and an eye that seemed to have caught the daring of her father's and brother's profession;

the free and high look of the pirate lived there: her tones too, from habit, had the same fearless expression. She was admirably suited to be a smuggler's bride; and Reseigh, in the pride of his heart, had marked her for his own.

He left the friendly roof at last, with a lightened spirit and a buoyant hope. A few evenings after this, he was seen walking with her along the shore to the left of the hamlet, where the declivities broke boldly on the sea, his words were animated, but not joyous: it was evident he was putting his hope to the test, and casting his fate on the die of that moment. His companion listened calmly and attentively; but her countenance and step had little emotion, whilst his were wildly agitated. They paused, after a while, on the green bank. "And now, Betsey," he said, "tell me, is it not with us as in days past? You said, many times, that you loved me better than any other man; and you will not—no, I am sure you will not unsay it now."—"And why should I not unsay it now, George?" she answered. "I suppose Betsey Carril, the pride of the village, has got a right to change her mind as well as another woman."—"Yes, yes;" he said, in a less firm tone: "it was thus you used to vex me in times past; and more than once I have gone to sea, and wished that the waves might bury me. In storm and darkness, in guilt and suffering, I have never changed my mind to you: you was always as dear to me as life." The girl fixed her

look wistfully on him for a moment, as if holding counsel with herself; and then she stepped back a pace or two towards the edge of the cliff, her eye assuming, in an instant, its proud and resolute character, and her fine form seen to advantage: for her foot was on the brink of the descent, and, behind, the sea swept far and beautifully. "And is there no change in you, Reseigh?" she said; "Are you the same man that I loved and plighted my troth to? Is that face, wasted and furrowed, the same that I liked so well, and was the comeliest in the village? But 'tisn't for that, God knows," with an impatient wave of her hand, "but for the deed you've done, and for the hard and cruel heart that could do it; 'twas then I swore you should never be my husband!"—"Have pity!" said the young man, beseechingly: "God has had pity on me; and will the woman that loved me be more just than an offended Heaven? Oh! do not refuse to have me, do not cast me back again upon a seared and lonely heart! 'Twas here, upon this bank, you clasped my hand in your's, and promised this year to marry me." And he stretched out his hand to her's.—"I'll never clasp it again!" said the girl, firmly: "In friendliness I will, but never in love; 'tis stained, George, with your brother's blood; and do you think to twine it about my neck like you used to do when you came from sea,—and my hair that you said was so long and dark,—and that I'll lay my head in your bosom, and lie down by your side?

Man—man! He that took his brother's life, when his rage was cold, is too fearful a mate for me."—"Betsey," he said, covering his face with his hand, "spare me, for your own sake, if not for mine! Spare me, for my heart is growing hard again!" He advanced to her side; but she turned scornfully away. He could no longer control his misery. "If you had suffered agony like mine," he said, "you would know that words like these, from the woman we love, are like fire burning the bones and marrow, and rob a man of his reason. If love, like yours, can turn to hatred, why should not mine also? Why should I spare her?" he muttered, glancing his eye fiercely and wildly over her face and form, and then down the precipice, on the brink of which she stood. It seemed as if his former cruelty had come again in this moment of despair, and that every better feeling was crushed beneath the shock. She trembled in his grasp, and felt the hardihood of her spirit quail before the desperation of her lover's; and sinking on her knee, raised her eyes to his, and saw there the fierce and flashing glance that she had often loved to mark, when he was about to sail on some pirate deed. "You will not murder me, George," she said, in a broken tone, "me that you loved so well? You would not see these limbs on the rock below, mangled and bleeding, by *your* hand, that has often borne them over the crags and through the wave? Release me! grasp me not so hard, and I will be your wife!" He laid that form gently on

the bank at his feet, and then his fury passed away like a frightful dream. He stooped and fixed one burning kiss on her brow. "Betsey," he said, "the strife is over now: farewell! I'll never take from your fear, what you refused to my prayers and tears. Woman, you have tried my heart as man never tried it; a heart too that was nearly broken before." He turned from the spot without listening to her reply, and sought, once more, his lonely cottage. When he left it in the morning, he had thought it never looked so cheerful; and, for some days past, he had busied himself in arranging every part with great care and neatness, in full hope that a fairer being was soon to come and dwell there. This last blow was a cruel and merciless one: dealt, too, from lips that should have soothed rather than upbraided, and spoken of mercy rather than judgment.

The lawless enterprises of the villagers were now beginning: the whole hamlet was alive with hope and eagerness. Reseigh firmly resisted every entreaty and persuasion of his former comrades to join them. It was remarked also, that, in their convivial parties, he never could be induced to taste spirits; water was his only refreshment. Most of the men were absent for many days on these excursions, and the return of the youthful missionary, at this season, to the hamlet, was undesired by all, save Reseigh, who received him with undissembled joy, and who was the only convert to his zealous and unwearied efforts, in the whole hamlet.

The former told, too, how that earth had been a wilderness to him, on account of some deed that he had done, till a brighter path was opened: till, at last, he desired to make known to others the mercy that he had delighted to know. Words such as these had a strong influence on his hearer, to whom every sacrifice now seemed a noble as well as an imperious duty; and this feeling was not all ideal or enthusiastic. Betsey Carril often threw herself in his way. The fierceness and despair of her lover, in that trying moment, on the cliff, produced an effect on her proud heart that his gentleness and entreaty had utterly failed to do; and, by one of those sudden transitions in woman's mind, she now bitterly repented her cruelty, and forgot the fratricide in the lover. But it was in vain: Reseigh would never speak to her again; his pride, after a strong conflict, had either quelled the affection; or, what was more probable, reviving tenderness gave way to the high and novel prospects that now opened before him. But there were moments when her eye of entreaty was turned on him; and the mute gesture, and the quivering lip, told that part of his anguish had been transferred to her own heart: it was more than he could bear—he hastily quitted the room, and gave way to a passion of tears.

These emotions, however, were soon to yield to others of a less tender, but more exciting, character. Ere the summer was past, he accompanied his

friend and instructor, the missionary, to a distant part of the kingdom; and very many years passed ere he saw the wild hamlet again. He followed his guide, who had become strongly attached to him, through the various scenes of his labours and trials. In these he, at last, began to take a part; and it is inconceivable with what ardour his spirit, so long chained and stricken, rushed forth, exulting in the path of light and victory.

There came a time when all his labourers, as they were termed, were assembled to meet the master spirit who swayed, with perfect ease, these first workings of a system that was, ere long, to be a mighty engine.

Wesley, who saw at a glance the various talents and motives of his assistants, commended highly the zeal and perseverance of the missionary who had sought fruit amidst the wild rocks and wilder waves of the Atlantic; and, hearing the tale of the native of the hamlet, he expressed a desire to see him. The hard and fearless smuggler stood before him, with a subdued look and features ull of resignation. The wild bearing and deadly flash of the eye were gone; but there were passions on the cheek and brow, so deeply traced as to tell they still lived within—held captive, though not slain. He who gazed on and spoke to him, saw the truth and sincerity of his heart, and read in his aspect the history of his strange and merited sufferings. However sternly he condemned the deed, he

deemed the being who stood before him, a beautiful instance of the power of that forgiveness that could change the desert of the heart into a land of Eden.

He dismissed him with words of sympathy and pity, and bade him proceed firmly in the path he had chosen:—and, in the midst of this path, did his thoughts never wander to the hamlet in which his every year had been spent from infancy? His friends, so freshly reconciled—his bold and long-loved pirate deeds, in the dead of night, amidst the flash of weapons—and, oh! his love! Pride and indignation had sustained him, in the hamlet, beneath her eye; but in the distance of years, and of many provinces between, her pleading and beautiful look, commanding figure, low tones, and offered heart, came back to memory. Against these feelings he could only oppose the barriers of conscience and duty: and he conquered; but the conquest furrowed his brow with the lines of age, and made his raven hair grey.

Twelve years had passed: time, in this period, had made great and rapid changes; but in the lonely and cliff-girded hamlet that is the scene of our story, the state of manners and feelings had known no change: the pursuits and enjoyments of the people were the same, as lawless and reckless as ever. To the wave, that beat without ceasing beneath their dwellings, they looked for spoil and pleasure, the more prized, perhaps, because perilously gained.

It was on a Sabbath morning in July, so calm and beautiful that the most reckless who gazed on it must have bowed before the power of nature. The dwellers of the village had just issued from their doors, and were standing and gazing, listlessly, far to seaward,—for this day of peace did not tame the desire of their hearts,—when a solitary traveller was seen slowly descending the rocks above. As he wound his way amidst the scattered rocks, and the rich clumps of yellow furze, it was soon perceived that he was no revenue-officer come to spread alarm through the hamlet, nor a traveller drawn thither by curiosity. He drew nigh at last, and courteously saluted the idle groups, and looked wistfully around. As he seemed to be wearied with his walk, he was invited to enter one of the dwellings, and partake of some refreshment. It was strange how his eye grew on the weather-beaten faces of the villagers, who carelessly entered the room, on the pale and wrinkled brow of old age, and on the forms of many a young and blooming woman. And his tones were so calm and gentle, as he spoke of the long and weary journey he had achieved; but which, he said, the chequered path and feelings of many years had prepared him richly to enjoy. And who was this man? they asked of each other; and the stern looks of the men, and more curious ones of the women, were fixed on his aspect, but could trace nothing there that they knew. At last a wild cry broke from the group;

and a woman rushed to his side, and clasping his hand in both her own, bent earnestly over him. And his gaze met her's, and he could not withdraw it: for the proud, sunken, but still handsome features of Elizabeth Carril were before him. Had he withstood this, he had been more or less than man. He drew her towards him; and, while her head rested on his bosom, and she wept fast and silently, his pallid features, quivering lips, and broken words, shewed how the heart bled.

"George," she said, "do not thrust me away: I am no mate for you now, I know; but this is more than I can bear."

The violence of her emotion proved the truth of her words. During the long absence of the man she had loved, she had sternly rejected every offer of marriage from the young men of her own or the adjoining hamlets: and her self-upbraiding had been bitter and ceaseless; for her untimely and heartless rejection had driven him forth an exile. He saw, at a glance, that she too was lonely, like himself—that her beauty was little faded; and the deep, mournful voice of the woman thrilled to his heart more resistlessly than that of the ardent and impetuous girl had ever done. He rose from his seat, and went forth into the open air, while hushed voices and stifled sobs broke from within. The breeze of the morning came like balm from the sea, the light clouds that sailed slowly by cast their shadows over the bosom of the preci-

pices, and the silence on the shore was deep and unbroken. He manned his fainting spirit, cleared the traces of sorrow from his countenance, and returned to the dwelling, where all his former comrades and friends were now assembled. They welcomed him with heart-felt looks and voices—grasped his hand hard and kindly. One very old woman struggled through the throng, leaning on a stick, and fixed her almost sightless eyes for a long time on the face of the stranger, as if baffled by the remarkable change that years had made there: she was the same that had cursed him twelve years before, and bade him go and say over his mother's bones, that he had slain her first-born. —"The curse never came upon his head," she muttered: "'twas the first from my lips that ever fell to the ground. *That* was the face of a murderer—but 'tis changed now—a sore, but a blessed change!"

They asked him many questions, and listened, well pleased, to the details of his chequered course; for the mind as well as bearing of the man was changed: the brutal ignorance and scanty ideas of the remote fisherman had given place to knowledge and observation, the sources of which had long been freely opened to him; and the rugged and reckless men marvelled at themselves, as they sat and stood around in deep and hushed attention on the words of their former comrade, whom they had first loved, then scorned and avoided, and now admired and sin-

cerely welcomed. Many hours were passed thus; and ere they left the cottage, he made one earnest request, to which they gave a willing assent.

It was not without mingled feelings of surprise and expectation that all the inhabitants were gathered, on that evening, on the green banks and gentle slopes without the hamlet: and he came with a flushed brow, and an eye that beamed with gratitude and hope; and then he stood on one of the scattered grey rocks, and looked earnestly and timidly on the assembly. Each face was composed and subdued—regard and respect to him was strongly pictured there. He clasped his hands, and looked towards heaven with a heart too full for utterance. Oh! if life has a moment of triumph so full, so glowing, so exulting, that eternity cannot wash it away, it was felt by this once deserted and wretched man. The fierce pains of guilt, the rushing terrors of the future, the menaces of the dead, and the deep scorn of the living, were passed, for ever, from his heart and imagination. And then he spoke sincerely and fervently of the power and beauty of that religion that had done all for him; that, in the storm of misery and darkness that had bowed his head, alone preserved him from perishing. It is said that no men paint the power of sin and its consequences so vividly and well, as those who have drunk deep of its charmed as well as poisoned cup: it seemed so in the present case. The rude assembly listened, at first, with wonder; then gazed with

deep interest on him who spoke: they saw there was no deceit, no delusion there. Once only he paused in anguish; for, in the midst of the throng,—her eyes fixed on him as if a spell had fastened them, her fine form bowed, and the pale cheek stained with tears, while the dishevelled tresses, falling on the rock on which she sat, and look of resistless sorrow, gave her the appearance of a Magdalen in the desert,—was Elizabeth Carril, the woman of his past and still unconquered love. He averted his eyes hastily from the resistless spectacle, and they fell on the desolate cottage of his brother: a flash of lightning crushing, for ever, his orbs of sight, could not have shot keener agony than did this object through his soul. Was it for him to think of love? Was it for him to yield to its torrent, and steep his soul in its delights? Never! Its power, against which he had battled long, was, in this moment, broken for ever. His after words flowed with greater softness and mercy: he had before been depicting, sternly and fearfully, passages of guilt and anguish; but the gush of tenderness that was shed through his heart had an instant effect, and his tone changed to one of promise and peace. The scene was closed, the villagers pressed around him, and besought him to stay, and dwell among them. He said he had other work to perform that admitted of no pause: he stood and blessed them; and then, waving with his hand an adieu,—for his heart was full,—he passed slowly up the hill.

How beautifully, from that hill, looked the scene below! The wild sweep of the Atlantic, now hushed into a moveless slumber, and on its bosom the beams of the sinking sun, lingering long and gloriously, as if it refused to depart. Red was each fearful precipice, and grassy slope covered with wild flowers. At their feet, and covered with their shadow, was the hamlet: its earnest groups were still gazing on the retreating form of the stranger. He paused not on his way, but passed on, over the heath above, towards the rude cemetery. He knelt beside a grave that was nearly shrouded: since he was here last, the high and rank verdure had spread wantonly over it: he prayed, for some time in silence; and then his words refused to be repressed: but there was neither remorse nor anguish in them. "O my brother, and my mother!" he said, "if the departed can look on this world of sorrow, behold me now! Forgive the murderer as God has forgiven him!" And he rose comforted,—at least so his resigned aspect seemed to intimate;—and then pursued his way over the long and weary heath, every part of which had been familiar to his foot from infancy. As long as the twilight lasted, his tall and wasted form could be distinctly seen for the last time; for to the hamlet he never returned, and by its people he was heard of no more.

THE VOYAGE WITH THE NAUTILUS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I MADE myself a little boat,
As trim as trim could be,
A little boat out of a great pearl shell,
That was found in the Indian sea.

I made my masts of wild sea-rush
That grew on a secret shore;
And the scarlet plume of the halcyon-bird
Was the pleasant flag I bore.

I took for my sails the butterfly's wings,
For my ropes the spider's line;
And that mariner old, the Nautilus,
To steer me over the brine.

For he 'd cross'd the seas six thousand years,
And knew each isle and bay;
And I thought that we, in my little boat,
Could merrily steer away.

The stores I took were plentiful:
The dew, as it sweetly fell;
And the honey-combs that were hoarded up
In the wild bee's summer cell.

"Now steer away, thou helmsman good,
Over the waters free;
To the charmed isle of the seven kings,
That lies in the midmost sea!"

He spread the sail, he took the helm;
  And long ere ever I wist,
We had sail'd a league, we had reach'd the isle
  That lay in the golden mist.

The charmed isle of the seven kings,
  'Tis a place of wondrous spell!
But all that happ'd unto me there
  In a printed book I'll tell.

"Now," said I one day to the Nautilus,
  As we stood on the strand,
"Unmoor my ship, thou helmsman good,
  And steer me back to land.

"For my mother I know is sick at heart,
  And longs my face to see;
What ails thee now, thou Nautilus?
  Art slow to sail with me?
Up—do my will—the wind is fresh,
  So set the vessel free!"

He turn'd the helm, and away we sail'd,
  Away towards the setting sun:
The flying-fish were swift on the wing,
  But we outsped each one.

And on we went for seven days,
  Seven days without a night;
And we follow'd the sun still on and on,
  In the glow of his setting light.

Down and down went the setting sun,
And down and down went we;
'Twas a glorious sail for seven days
On a smooth, descending sea.

"Good friend," said I to the Nautilus,
"Can this the right course be?
And shall we come again to land?"
But answer none made he.

So on we went; but soon I heard
A sound, as when winds blow,
And waters wild are tumbled down
Into a gulf below.

And on and on flew the little bark,
As a fiend her course did urge;
And I saw, in a moment, we must hang
Upon the ocean's verge.

I snatch'd down the sails, I snapp'd the ropes,
I broke the masts in twain;
But on flew the bark, and against the rocks
Like a living thing did strain.

"Thou hast steer'd us wrong, thou helmsman vile!"
Said I to the Nautilus bold;
"We shall shoot down the gulf! we're dead men both!
Dost know what a course we hold?"

And I seized the helm with a sudden jerk,
And we wheel'd round like a bird;
But I saw the gulf of eternity,
And the tideless waves I heard.

"Good master," said the Nautilus,
"I thought you might desire
To have some wondrous thing to tell
Beside your mother's fire.

"What's sailing on a summer sea?
As well sail on a pool!
Oh, but I know a thousand things
That are wild and beautiful!

"And if you please to see them now,
You've but to say the word—"
"Have done!" said I to the Nautilus,
"Or I'll throw thee overboard.

"Have done!" said I, "thou mariner old,
And steer me back to land;"
No other word spake the Nautilus,
But took the helm in hand.

I looked up to the lady moon,
She was but like a glow-worm's spark;
And never a star shone down to us,
Through the sky, so high and dark.

And we had no mast, we had no ropes,
And every sail was rent;
And the stores I brought from the charmed isle,
In the seven days' sail were spent.

But the Nautilus was a patient thing,
And he steer'd with all his might
On that up-hill sea, and he never slept,
And he kept the course aright.

And for thrice seven nights we sail'd and sail'd:
At length I saw the bay
Where I built my bark, and my mother's house,
'Mong the green hills where it lay.

"Farewell!" said I to the Nautilus,
As I leapt to the shore;
"Thou art a skilful mariner,
But I 'll sail with thee no more!"

THE MELANCHOLY'S PETITION TO SLEEP.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

"Merciful sleep! Merciful sleep! How many worn and ghostlike spirits yearn and cry to be within the dreamy girdle of thy enchanted land!"—*Blackwood's Magazine*, No. 146, p. 725.

'Tis night, the starry hour;
Children from play, peasants from labour rest;
The miser locks his treasure in his chest,
And Care hath yielded up, a while, his power:
For slumber sits on many an aching eye,
And dreams, like evening's summer clouds, flit by.

O Sleep! Mild, gracious Sleep!
Thou benison to those whose hearts are sore;
Who fain would wake to sinful earth no more,
Nor longer for its crime and folly weep;
Whose breath hath shut the flower, and still'd the bee:
Is then thy mantle cast on all but me?

Oh! take me hence away,
For I am tired! The noon was all too bright,
And she hath scorch'd me with her burning light;
And voices have been round me through the day,
Deafening my sharpen'd ear with ceaseless din;
Open thy palace gates, and let me in!

Oh! take me hence away,
And lead me to some silent forest shade,
Where the rich foliage hath a twilight made,
Hiding the wild bird as she singeth gay;
And let me sit among the dewy grass,
And chase the winds and waters as they pass.

Call me mine early friends,
Whom strife, or pride, or death, hath torn away;
Whose image, like a beam of yesterday,
E'en now with darker fancies strangely blends:
Unloose my spirit from this fearful rack,
And bring them, great magician, bring them back!

Bring back the hoary sire,
Who view'd my boyhood with such hope and pride;
Bring back my fair young sister, by whose side,
Methinks, a day of years could never tire;
And her who, on her breast, unwearied bore
My infant cries; restore them, oh, restore!

I know that power thou hast:
In thee the mother doth her child embrace,
The maiden look upon her lover's face,

Albeit the shadowy gulph of death be pass'd.
Oh! bid revengeful Memory cease to tear
My quivering heart, and listen to my prayer!

Shall Time, for ever, keep
Around my couch his agonizing reign?
And his grim countless messengers of pain?
Dash from my lip thy cup of dreams? O Sleep!
Wilt thou, for ever, stay thy soothing breath?
How gladly would I prove its charm in death!

LA GLORIA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIULIO BUSSI.

TRANSLATED BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

Glory! what art thou? Thee, despite of pain,
And want, and toil, the brave heart cherisheth;
Thee the pale student courts, wasting, in vain,
His primal youth, thy worshipper in death!
Glory! what art thou? Thy impartial breath
Speaks woe to all: with pangs do men obtain
An empty boon, that duly perisheth,
Whose very fear of loss outweighs the gain!
Glory! what art thou then? A fond deceit—
Child of long suffering—empty air—a sweet
Prize, that is sought with toil, and never found—
In life, by every envious lip denied—
In death, to ears that hear not, a sweet sound—
Glory! thou fatal scourge of human pride!

THE REPENTANT FALSE ONE,

TO HER WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HIS BRIDE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

Yes; I have wander'd from thy side,
Forsworn my plighted vow;
Forsook thee, when *almost* a bride:
And canst thou pardon now?
Though scarce, I deem, by aught save Heaven,
A crime like mine can be forgiven,
If earth has one, 'tis THOU;
For thine is pity's gentlest mood,
The grace, the gem of womanhood.

But dare I, faithless and forsworn,
My broken vows renew?
The outcast of another's scorn,
Can I for pardon sue?
For, Oh! when most I seemed estranged,
Deem not thy wrongs were unavenged:
My heart was wounded too;
And fiercely on my guilty head,
Fell the stern stroke I merited.

I bow'd me prostrate in the dust
Before that righteous blow,
And felt the retribution just:
Then was I doom'd to know
What, dearest, thou canst never prove,

If mine were pangs of slighted love;
The keenest pang below
Is to have known, and that was mine,
I wrong'd a heart so true as thine.

But, Oh! if shame and solitude
Can e'er for falsehood pay;
If thoughts of madness, tears of blood,
Can wipe my guilt away:—
Those pangs were felt, those tears were shed.
The heart that wrong'd, itself hath bled:
And must it bleed for aye?
Oh! write the words, "Thou art forgiven,"
And be, again, my guide to heaven!

ANACREONTICS.

BY A. TENNYSON, ESQ.

With roses muskybreathed,
And drooping daffodilly,
And silverleaved lily,
And ivy darkly-wreathed,
I wove a crown before her
For her I love so dearly,
A garland for Lenora.
With a silken cord I bound it.
Lenora, laughing clearly
A light and thrilling laughter,
About her forehead wound it,
And loved me ever after.

EVENING.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

I.

GENTLE spirit of Eve! descending
On our ravish'd souls, and blending
Thoughts of days and deeds gone by
In delightful harmony;
When the day is faintly dying,
When the breeze is softly sighing,
When over mountain, vale, and hill,
There reigns a calmness deep and still,
And each dim shadow seems to be
Some object of reality;—
When, just twinkling, from afar
Appears the lonely evening star;—
And the trickling fountain flows,
Making sweet music as it goes;—
Then, gentle spirit, is thy magic hour—
Then do we feel thy melancholy power.

II.

Beautiful spirit! I have felt thee oft
Hovering around, have felt thy soft
And soothing influence on me stealing,
Calming my grief, my troubled spirit healing;
When, wandering from the busy throng,
I rove these lovelier scenes among.
'Tis then my soul is filled with joy
And fond security,



Nor can aught earthly then alloy
Its sacred purity.
To thee I owe these holy sweets,
Thee my breast with rapture greets,
As thou within the darkening cloud
Thyself, descending, dost enshroud,
Gliding along the ether blue,
In robes of dim and shadowy hue.

III.

On Sicily the sun had set
In golden splendour; but as yet
The fiery tinge of his parting ray,
As it mildly closed the dying day,
On thy high towers, Syracusæ,
Shone and beam'd right lovelily.
The air was calm, and the sky serene,
And the zephyry breeze was lightly waving
Each leaf of thy groves and forests green;
And the glittering wave was gently laving
The pebbly shore of the glassy fountain,
While, over the city, the vale, and the mountain,
Crown'd with the touch of the sun's last beaming,
Commingled with shades of the coming night—
There sat such a soft and pensive light
On the varied scene, so sweetly gleaming,
That my soul was soothed, and its musings brought
From the dark abode of anxious thought,
Into a train of calmer thinking,
From twilight draughts of ancient pleasure drinking.

THE MONEY BAG.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN, ESQ.

The Arabs, whether wandering over the desert, or confined in cities, have always been remarkable for their lively, naïve, and ingenious manner of telling a story. Even when thrown by accident among more civilized tribes, where the story-teller usually calls in the aid of the printer, the Arab still preserves the habits of the desert, and delights to pass his evenings in repeating or listening to some tale of love, or warlike adventure, which, to the credit of barbarian taste, is generally prized in proportion to its verisimilitude. My Arabic teacher, a native of Grand Cairo, but of Bedouin extraction, is a remarkable specimen of the oriental story-teller. The lady of the "Thousand and One Nights" did not possess a more fertile invention, or a better memory; and I suspect that, in the various countries of the East which he has visited, his genius, as a novelist, has been of more advantage to him than his profound acquaintance with the "Kamous," and the "Ocean of Words." Be this, however, as it may, I, for my part, am always pleased when his learned dissertations on verbs and vowel-points are concluded, that he may delight my imagination with his rich oriental inventions, and beautiful scriptural phraseology. In some instances,

perhaps, the principal charm may consist in his manner of narrating, in the expression of his countenance, and in the splendour and novelty of his metaphors and similes; but there are many of his stories which are deeply interesting in themselves. One of these I shall here take the liberty to repeat, as nearly as possible in the words of my original; though the reader, I fear, will miss those eastern graces which adorned the narrative, when it passed from the memory of the Arab into mine.

In the last war between the Turks and Persians, a young man of the latter nation was taken prisoner, and, contrary to the general practice of Mussulmans in such cases, reduced to slavery. His master, an Arab Sheïkh in alliance with the Turks, and an old warrior, whose name was well known throughout Faro and Irak, had made him prisoner under peculiar circumstances: in fact, he had found him wounded and bleeding on the field of battle, had conveyed him to the Turkish camp, and procured for him such aid as the place and time would permit. Nevertheless, when his prisoner recovered, far from following up his humane conduct by generously restoring him to his country, Abu Kamar reduced him to the condition of a slave, and took him along with him to his castle on the left bank of the Euphrates, a little above Hillah, where the Sheïkh always spent the intervals of his campaigns in retirement. Like all other Arabs, Abu Kamar was a Soonnee, and considered it to be part of his creed to

believe that all Sheahs are predestined to be bad men in this world, and the prey of Satan in the next; and, consequently, although Shamak, his Persian prisoner, was, in reality, a Mussulman as well as he, and every day repeated a thousand times, that "there is no God but God," and that "Mohammed is the prophet of God," the Sheikh regarded him as a mere child of perdition, whom it was allowable to curse and maltreat as often as it might be judged necessary. Shamak, however, like our own Sir Kenelm Digby, was a man who, if he were dropped naked from the clouds in any part of the world, would quickly command the respect and admiration of those around him, and soon succeeded in impressing upon the mind of the Arab, a highly favourable idea both of his person and mind.

By degrees Abu Kamar, reflecting that his slave had a soul, which might perhaps be snatched by his ministry from the fate of all obstinate Sheahs, began to converse with Shamak on the subject of the Koran; but he generally lost all patience when the obstinate young heretic, whom he found to be a subtle and profound reasoner, evinced his religious veneration for Ali. However, as disputation is delightful to all men, and especially to those who are always in the right, as all masters are when they argue with their slaves, Abu Kamar never failed to return to the debate, whenever he found himself alone with the young man; and sometimes took him along with him in his journeys to Hillah,

Modain, or Bagdad, whither he would occasionally go for the sake of moving about.

During one of these excursions, which happened to lie on the eastern side of the Tigris, Abu Kamar and his slave were suddenly encountered by the Koordish robbers. The Sheïkh, knowing that, being nominal subjects of the Shah of Persia, they were, in some measure, the countrymen of Shamak, expected no less than that the captive would now seize occasion by the forelock, and perhaps moisten his broken fetters with the blood of him who first rivetted them on. As the thought darted into his mind, he turned a quiet glance upon Shamak, and found that he was approaching the spot where he stood, not for the purpose he had suspected, but to throw himself between his master and the robbers, and to defend his life at the peril of his own. The brave old man, charmed with the nobleness of his conduct, inwardly vowed to reward him generously for his fidelity, and then, putting spurs to his horse, dashed on towards the enemy. The Koords, who by no means expected this bold resistance, and were in no disposition for mortal combat, now turned about the heads of their horses, and fled with all possible expedition towards the mountains. Seeing that the danger was past, the other slaves of Abu Kamar came up; and the whole party, crossing the Tigris, moved rapidly towards home.

The first impulse of the Sheïkh's heart was to liberate his slave, and to send him home laden with

presents to his family. But this generous resolution was transitory, and vanished before the reflection that he should thus deprive himself of the society and services of a faithful and brave man, whom he now secretly regarded almost as a friend, and would really have pressed to his bosom, but for his adherence to the opinions of the abominable sect of the Sheahs. Besides, whether Shamak actually possessed any family, or was one of those homeless wanderers who profess the trade of war from necessity, and make their swords the talismans by which they conjure up opulence and splendour in the desert places of society, he could not tell; for, to all his interrogatories on this subject, the young man opposed the most obstinate silence. However this might be, he felt, in fact, that he was too much attached to his slave to think of parting with him, and, for the time, could hit upon no mode of uniting gratitude with prudence. Had Shamak known what was passing in his master's mind, he might, perhaps, have buoyed up his spirits with hope, and been in some measure reconciled to his condition; but, with a sort of wisdom not at all uncommon, Abu Kamar contrived to conceal, under a harsh exterior, the benevolence of his heart, and the plans he was meditating for bettering the condition of his slave, lest the young man should presume upon his kindness, and render himself unworthy of it.

It is probable that, notwithstanding the difficulty and danger of attempting, without money or friends,

to pass a strictly guarded frontier, Shamak would very soon have spared Abu Kamar the trouble of providing for his future welfare, if he had not, about this time, made a discovery which gave a new colour to the whole stream of his life: this was, the simple circumstance that the old Sheïkh had a daughter. Fatima, like all other young ladies of her age, entertained a more generous philosophy, and more tolerant principles, than usually inhabit the breasts of old men, and could see nothing in the look of a Sheah to justify the pretended contempt and real hatred of a true believer.

To see and to love Fatima were the same thing: for her beauty was of that Circean kind which takes the reason prisoner. She was about eighteen, an age at which women in the East are like a full-blown rose, perfect in loveliness, and just at that point, indeed, where we could wish that Time would allow them to remain for ever. Her meditations too were, at that moment, busy in solving a problem, of which we all attempt the solution once in our lives, and generally with too much success. At this happy conjuncture her eye, the purveyor of love, fell upon Shamak, who was formed by nature both to excite and to experience the most powerful émotions. His frame, like that of most men of his nation, was slender but well-turned, and light and agile as that of the barb: his features were regular and handsome, and his eye, grey like that of Achilles, denoting the mixture of strong

passion and intellect which distinguished his character, occasionally indicated that a thoughtfulness, approaching to melancholy, had seized upon him. His cheek, too, was pale, and somewhat hollow, as if the tooth of sorrow had been gnawing at it. With such a person, far better calculated than a form clothed with the "purple light of love," to awaken lasting passion in the breast of a woman like Fatima, Shamak possessed a mind of singular boldness and vigour, which led him to think that to aim at the heart of a princess would not be to aspire. Even before his misfortune, he had cast a scrutinizing and fearless eye over the structure of society, and convinced himself that all mankind were of one family; and, though now reduced to the condition of a slave, he found no change in the temper of his soul, whose wings had not been, and could not be, shorn by captivity.

When he first beheld Fatima, a glance sufficed to inform him that he had discovered the only woman on earth who could ever command the unconstrained worship of his heart; but whether Fate, which had predestined that he should love, had also predestined that his love should be fortunate, was another question. He saw distinctly the difficulties which his unfortunate position placed in the way of his love; but there was no remedy,—the die was cast.

Fatima, on her part, had never before beheld among mankind a being whom she could have the

slightest disposition to love, and was, therefore, astonished at the existence of the new feelings which had sprung up in her heart. They appeared, among her ordinary ideas, like visitants from some celestial sphere, shedding the perfume and the glory of heaven over the inmost recesses of her soul. That Shamak, who was now her father's slave, had been once a soldier, she knew; and she, moreover, suspected, from his whole bearing, and the lofty tone of his sentiments, (for she had frequently heard him converse with her father,) that he had also been a person of distinction. There was, therefore, no degradation in bestowing her affections upon him; but, even if there had, there was no help,—her affections were fixed.

In most cases the historian of love has to describe the tyranny of parents, and the stratagems by which inventive youth, impatient of control, contrives to elude the mandates of domestic despotism. But, in this instance, the father, though a proud and imperious man, was no tyrant. He loved his daughter, the more deeply, perhaps, in that she was his only child, and the continuation, as it were, of the being of a woman who had been every thing to him, and was now in paradise. He could not perceive, however, without pain, that she had looked with affection upon his slave; not because the young man was of mean rank, for of that he was not informed, but because he was a Sheah, and, therefore, in spite of appearances, and some good qualities, condemned

to everlasting perdition. He believed, moreover, that, at bottom, all Persians were of mean dispositions, liars, traitors, hypocrites; and though Shamak had probably saved his life, and certainly had saved his purse, still he thought this might have been from a mere temporary ebullition of humanity, by no means indicating innate goodness of heart. He determined, therefore, to reason with his daughter, and, if possible, to turn her from her purpose by kindness and confidence; and, with a woman like Fatima, he could not have pursued a course more likely to succeed.

When Abu Kamar questioned his daughter respecting her love for Shamak, of which he said he had perceived many indications in her conduct, she ingenuously confessed it, and added, that he was the only man on earth upon whom she could bestow the undivided affections of her soul. From this the old man began to fear that he had commenced his task too late, and that the young man and his daughter, having disclosed their thoughts to each other, had sworn eternal fidelity upon the Koran; but when he revealed his suspicion to Fatima, he learned, with equal surprise and pleasure, that they had never yet spoken of love, and that the heart had hitherto made use of no other language than that of the eyes. Though he had himself loved in his youth, it did not occur to him that soul sometimes communicates with soul without the aid of words, and looks oaths and promises while yet too timid to require or pro-

nounce them. He therefore drew a favourable omen from the circumstance, and began, by reasoning and persuasion, to undermine the foundations of love. After much meditation and many experiments, he at length hit upon the very arguments best calculated to shake the affection of Fatima: he affirmed, that whatever she might imagine to the contrary, he was well assured that, were it in his power, Shamak would gladly relinquish her for his freedom, and the power to return to his family and *first love*. At the idea that, possibly, some other woman might have preceded her in the affection of Shamak, Fatima's cheek became pale; and, after a brief pause, she replied with solemn vehemence, that were she once convinced of this, she would herself furnish him with the means of flight, to rid herself, for ever, of his looks—but that she could not believe it.

"God is great!" replied her father: "let us try the Sheah. If he prefers the sight of thee to wealth and freedom, by the soul of my father, Sheah though he be, I will yield up to him the child of my bosom, the delight of my eyes, the daughter of my Mendeli!" And the tears started into his eyes at the remembrance of the wife of his youth, and of all the love he had once felt for her—nay, still felt, though the black, impenetrable portals of the grave now hid her from his eyes. Fatima also was affected even unto tears; and, with a heart overflowing with filial piety, assured her father that, should the young man fail

in the trial,—that is, prefer freedom and Persia to an Arab girl!—she would tear out his image from her heart, though her own life should accompany it. Abu Kamar was satisfied, and, leaving his daughter to compose herself as well as she could, went forth to meditate upon some mode of proving the love of Shamak.

He who, having loved, has lost the object of his idolatry, and possesses but one frail memorial of their mutual affection, will understand the double tie by which Abu Kamar was bound to his child, and will be able to appreciate the feelings by which he was actuated on the present occasion. He was anxious that Fatima should be united to a husband whom he could think worthy of her; but even could such a being have been found, he was secretly conscious that he should behold her depart from him with regret. The mode he adopted to try the strength of the affection of Shamak was, to throw suddenly in his way the means of purchasing a passage over the frontiers, and escaping from slavery; and he inwardly resolved, like a brave and honest man, to abide religiously by his promise,—that is, to give the young man his daughter, should he appear to deserve her.

In the neighbourhood of the Sheïkh's castle there was a long, shady walk, leading down, between trees of lofty growth and magnificent appearance, to the edge of the Euphrates, where Abu Kamar, contrary to the custom of the Orientals, would frequently

walk for recreation. Although the place was no enclosed from the public, and might be visited by any one, few persons but the Sheïkh ever thought of going thither, the country being but thinly peopled in that part, and walking far unfashionable. Shamak, however, often attended his master to this spot; and, finding its gloom and solitude perfectly congenial to his mind, would sometimes stray thither alone, "to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancy."

Having one evening strolled almost unconsciously to this walk, and lingered there until it was late, a circumstance occurred which, without his perceiving it, was the key-stone of the arch of his life, upon which every thing in his future destiny depended. The moon, which had long risen, was now riding high in the cloudless heaven, and throwing her long silvery wake over the broad bosom of the Euphrates. As he descended towards the stream, his eye wandered unconsciously over the interjacent plain, towards the distant and now invisible hills of Persia, beyond which lay the home of his father, the room in which he was born, and the maternal eyes which had shed tears of pleasure over his infancy. His father also, whose stern affection had watched over his early years, was there, with his brothers and sisters, some of whom were infants still; and while grief and anguish were devouring his heart, the domestic circle were, perhaps, gathered round the paternal hearth, talking of their proud and daring Khosrou, (for Shamak was merely the name of his

servitude,) and reasoning upon the probability of his death or return. The spirit of his childhood came over him at the thought, and tears of anguish, not of shame or repentance, filled his eyes; for he had gone to the field at his father's command and with his mother's blessing, and had drawn his youthful sword for his country, in whose cause every brave man, in every land, is proud to shed his blood. As these ideas were darting, like flashes of fire, over his brain, he suddenly kicked against something which gave way before his foot, and rolled on jingling over the pathway. He looked down and saw, in an instant, that it was a money-bag, which his ear had informed him was full. With a feeling of indescribable delight he snatched up the treasure, and felt, as he grasped the heavy gold, and poised it in his hand to ascertain its weight, that he now possessed the key to his father's house, the deliverer from bondage, the balm which heals the pangs of affliction. The cloud of slavery floated away from his spirit, his step became lighter, wings seemed to grow forth from his body: he felt as if he could clear the broad river at a bound, and free himself, for ever, from the commands of Abu Kamar, which, gentle as they were, were still the commands of a master. He could have wished, indeed, that an opportunity had been allowed him to bid the old man farewell; and to thank his gentle and beautiful daughter for the many kind looks she had cast upon him. Nay, his soul yearned to reveal to her, before quitting her for ever,

the secret of its condition; but it could not be: he was resolved to see her no more: to put it no longer in the power of fortune to sever him from the road of honour; from his country; from his home: and, as the dear thought rushed into his mind, he wept with joy, and hugged the money to his bosom, apostrophizing it, and blessing it, as though it had been some living friend.

Having indulged himself with these glorious visions for some minutes, he held up the bag in the moonlight, and observed that it was sealed, as if it had belonged to some traveller; and with the action his delight was checked. "Some poor wretch," thought he, "has passed this way, and lost his bag, which, perhaps, contains his all; perhaps, some merchant or traveller, who was hastening home after long absence, with the hard gain of many a year, to solace his wife and children, and provide for his old age. At this moment, having discovered his loss, he is, probably, afflicting his soul, and tearing his white beard, in the bitter agony of despair; and shall I, who have now the treasures of youth and an unsullied conscience in my possession, seize, like a robber, upon his little patrimony, and pierce his heart with a dagger, because my soul yearns for liberty? May I rather perish in captivity, and never more behold the eyes of my father! Lie thou there, base mammon, and do thy duty to thy lawful master: I will free myself without thy aid." With these words he threw the money on the ground; but, being curious

to know whether the owner would discover his bad fortune, and return in search of his treasure, he sat down at some little distance from the bag to watch.

Here he remained for some time, reflecting upon what had happened, and turning over in his mind a thousand plans of escape; but, according to every view of the case, money, as well as courage, was necessary. At length the idea of examining, by the bright moonlight, the seal of the bag, occurred to him; and he inwardly resolved that, should the treasure be found to belong to a Turk, as there was every probability it would, he would no longer hesitate to appropriate it to his own use. He once more, therefore, took up the bag, and had no sooner cast his eyes upon the seal than he discovered it to belong to his old master, Abu Kamar. His ideas took a new turn. "By Allah!" thought he, "the money is only the wages of my servitude, which Providence has thrown into my hands to recompence me, in some degree, for the misery I have endured. I will accept the gift which fate thus offers to me, and will employ it in a holy cause. I will snatch it from the hands of a Soonnee, and scatter it over the frontiers of Persia, to pave my way to freedom and my father's house. Yet," added he, as he reflected further upon what he was about to do, "yet this money may, perchance, have been destined by Abu Kamar to form a portion of his daughter's dowry; and Fatima, when she hears that I am far away, will think of me with bitterness, as the canker of her for-

tune, the blight of her youth, the torturer of her heart. She will believe that I would have coined her blood into sequins, were it in my power, to escape from a scene of trial which Heaven may, perchance, design for my benefit. And can I, after all, live far away from Fatima? Are not my hopes like the brood of the dove, and her eyes the parents that nourish them? Can I breathe any air that is not perfumed by the odour of her sighs? What though she has not spoken, have not her eyes, the interpreters of her soul, declared her love? Doth not her voice assume a softer tone when she pronounces my name? And my own heart, is it not the best interpreter of the oracle which dwells in her breast? That I love is a proof that I am beloved; for my soul is incapable of nourishing a despised passion. I will return to my fetters, and burst them in the face of day."

Meanwhile Abu Kamar had sought his daughter's chamber, and informed her of what he had done; adding that, while they were yet speaking, the Sheah, having found the money, was, no doubt, on his way to Persia, laughing at his old master's beard and his daughter's eyes. Fatima, deeply agitated by the words of her father, after striving in vain to suppress her emotion, exclaimed, with passionate vehemence, "May my soul perish, if he is fled! He is neither a robber, nor a miscreant. My father, you wrong yourself by these suspicions; for, assuredly, it is not the part of a believer in God, of a soul diffus-

ing charity like a sweet odour, thus to cast dirt upon the head of the unfortunate. If you are weary of Shamak, let him depart; but let him return home with his good name to rejoice the heart of his mother. Let him depart, I say; but, as Allah shall judge me, he will bear with him, over the hills of Persia, thy daughter's heart, which, though incapable of a disobedient thought towards thee, will thenceforward be closed to the image of man, as the flower which folds up its leaves at the departure of the sun, opposes a closed bosom to the wandering breezes of the night!" And, as she spoke, her cheek grew pale, and her whole frame was shaken by emotion, as the aspen is shaken by the wind.

"Allah yaysser! God's will be done!" replied the Sheïkh: "if he return, thy father shall be his father, and thy home his home; if he depart, his misery be upon his own head!"

Both father and daughter now grew silent, as if by mutual agreement, and paced the room in great agitation, expecting, and, it should be added, wishing for, the return of Shamak. At the sound of the footsteps of every slave who moved through the long passages of the castle in the execution of his domestic duties, or approached the harem to inquire whether the Sheïkh had any further need of his services for the night, their hearts beat violently with expectation, and their anxiety grew every moment more and more painful. The moonlight, which stole in through the long casements, had

made the circuit of a large portion of the room, and the hour of retiring to rest was now long past; yet neither father nor daughter exhibited the least token of a desire to seek repose. On the contrary, both were now too deeply interested in the return of Shamak to render sleep possible; and they seemed determined to remain where they were until day, watching what appeared to be the crisis of their fate. As the night wore away, the heart of Fatima began to grow sick; and doubts of the fidelity and magnanimity of her lover, which, like wild animals in the twilight, appeared timid at first, now thronged upon her soul in troops, and worried her almost to madness. As these horrible suggestions became more and more frequent, the unhappy girl turned her eyes, moistened with briny tears, upon her father's face, where, however, she could discover no comfort, his mind being no less agitated and unhappy than her own. All the slaves in the castle were now gone to rest, excepting the nurse of Fatima, who never retired before her darling foster-child, but sat at her door, like the Sphinx at that of an Egyptian temple, guarding, as it were, the sacred treasure within. The hour of midnight was already passed, and the doubts and apprehensions of Fatima had arrived at the highest pitch of agony, when a slow, heavy footstep was heard approaching the room; and, in another moment, Shamak was introduced by the nurse with the money-bag in his hand. Drawing near Abu Kamar, and bowing

respectfully, he presented him with the money, and, after having related how and where he had found it, was about to retire. "Stay, Shamak;" said the Sheïkh, "answer me one question: hast thou a father living?" "I trust," replied the young man, "that I have."—"Who, and what is he?" continued Abu Kamar. "Thou art master of my services, but not of my secrets," said Shamak, with earnestness.—"Answer him, Shamak, as thou lovest thy own soul!" exclaimed Fatima. "Nay," interrupted the Sheïkh, "do not answer to that question at present; I do not mean that the wealth or poverty, the nobility or meanness, of thy parent shall influence my decision in the least; but thou canst have no objection that I should know whether or not thou hast a wife." "I have no wife," said Shamak, with considerable emotion; "and that, in my condition, is a blessing to me."—"Yet thou hast seen the woman whom thou wouldest willingly associate with thy fortunes?" "No, Sheïkh; not with my fortunes, but with my hopes."—"And is that woman my daughter?" Shamak's heart now seemed to be too large for his bosom: he cast a hurried glance upon Fatima, who had buried her face in her hands, and was evidently agitated with extraordinary emotion; and then, in a low but firm tone, he replied, "Abu Kamar, thou hast spoken."—"Then receive her," said the Sheïkh, "in the name of God, and with her father's blessing;" and arose, and brought the young woman to Shamak, and put

her hand in his. "And now, young man," said he, "who is thy father?" "My father," replied Shamak, in a voice fluttering with joy, "is Firooz, Governor of Kermanshah."—"What!" exclaimed the Sheïkh, "art thou then Khosrou Khan, my old antagonist in the wars of Irak?" And Shamak answered, "I am he." Then the Sheïkh fell upon his neck, and wept over the young warrior: and the remainder of the story may be conjectured.

SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

If thou should'st deem thy vow
  A fable traced in air,
I will not stoop my brow,
  Nor cease to braid my hair:
I will not mourn thy guile
  A month, a week, a day;
But on thy folly smile,
  And laugh my care away.

When eve is in the west,
  And wandering bird and bee
Come weary home to rest,
  And none are far but thee,—
There shall not breathe a tone
  Of sadness through my lay:
As heedless thou art flown,
  I'll sing my care away.

TO A YOUNG LADY, IN SORROW;

WHO HAD REQUESTED SOME VERSES.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

My harp has lost its better tone,
  My heart, alas! is all unstrung,
I seek, in vain,—for thee alone,—
  To sing as I have sung;—
But all too long the chords have slept,
Like their's who by the willows wept!

Though the grasshopper has not sung
  The song that bids old age depart,
Nor almond-tree its shadow flung,
  —Save only o'er my heart *,—
Desire has failed;—how long ago!
And music's daughters, all, are low!

The silver cord that gladness keeps
  Has long been loosed, within my soul,
And memory, by its fountain, weeps,
  Above hope's broken bowl!

* The images alluded to in this and the following stanza are those used in the twelfth chapter of *Ecclesiastes*, to figure old age.

"And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

"Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond-tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets:

"Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern."

—Why waken strings, whose lone reply
Is like the toning of a sigh!

But *thou*—so young!—thine eye of blue
  May well become *thine age's* tears,
But *that* is not the gentle dew
  That suits thy gentle years;—
And thou art weeping as they weep
Who own the pang that will not sleep!

The wasted and the weary heart
  Should give the brow a shade like thine,
And time *will* play the canker's part
  To darken beauty's shine;—
But *thou* art in thy very spring,
Too young and bright for withering!

Look up, fair mourner!—tears, to thee,
  Should be like dew to other flowers,
Thy spirit rise up, joyously,
  The brighter for its showers:—
But drops like *those*, in passion's years,
Dry up the precious fount of tears!

Alas for thee!—and is it so!
  If grief be woven in *thy* lot,—
So very soon a child of woe,—
  'Tis meet *I* murmur not!
Nor would I have my lyre more glad,
While thou—its sweetest theme—art sad!

THE COVENANTER'S LAMENT FOR BOTHWELL BRIGG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

The men of sin prevail!
Once more the prince of this world lifts his horn;
Judah is scattered, as the chaff is borne
Before the stormy gale.

Where are our brethren? where
The good and true, the terrible and fleet?
They whom we loved, with whom we sat at meat,
With whom we kneeled in prayer?

Mangled and marred they lie,
Upon the bloody pillow of their rest:
Stern Dalzell smiles, and Clavers with a jest
Spurs his fierce charger by.

So let our foes rejoice;—
We to the Lord, who hears their impious boasts,
Will call for comfort; to the God of hosts
We will lift up our voice.

Give ear unto our song;
For we are wandering o'er our native land,
As sheep that have no shepherd; and the hand
Of wicked men is strong.

Only to thee we bow.
Our lips have drained thy fury of thy cup;
And the deep murmurs of our hearts go up
To Heaven for vengeance now.



Avenge,—oh, not our years
Of pain and wrong; the blood of martyrs shed;
The ashes heaped upon the hoary head;
The maiden's silent tears;

The babe's bread torn away;
The harvest blasted by the war-steed's hoof;
The red flame wreathing o'er the cottage roof;
Judge not for these to-day!

Is not thine own dread rod
Mocked by the proud, thy holy book disdained,
Thy name blasphemed, thy temple's courts profaned?
Avenge thyself, O God!

Break Pharaoh's iron crown;
Bind with new chains their nobles and their kings;
Wash from thine house the blood of unclean things;
And hurl their Dagon down!

Come in thine own good time!
We will abide: we have not turned from thee;
Though in a world of grief our portion be,
Of bitter grief, and crime.

Be thou our guard and guide!
Forth from the spoiler's synagogue we go,
That we may worship where the torrents flow,
And where the whirlwinds ride.

From lonely rocks and caves
We will pour forth our sacrifice of prayer.—
On, brethren, to the mountains! Seek we there
Safe temples, quiet graves!

KING CARLAN.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

King Carlan rode with hound and spear
Unto his forests free;
With baron brave, and abbot grave,
And half his chivalrie.

The people watch'd, with eager eyes,
The royal boy's array;
With snow-white steed, and dancing plume,
He bravely led the way.

With pride his mother kissed him
Beside the castle door;
With tears she saw him go, for they
Were bound to hunt the boar.

Back came the gallant boy at eve,
Back, in a radiant glow,—
"Where is my mother," loud he cried,
"Our forest sport to know?

"Mother! where lingerest thou, who wont
My coming long to wait?"
She look'd not from her window down;
She came not to the gate.

But there an old man trembling stood,
With grey and palsied head;
His eyes were wild, his tears fell fast,
But never a word he said.

"Now, Johan, wherefore look'st thou thus?
Now, wherefore, stand'st thou so?"
Then spake the old man, suddenly—
"'Tis woe!—'tis utter woe!

"Oh! scarcely thou, and all thy train,
Had from the castle past,
When in the sea-king's rugged troop
Swept like a wintry blast.

"Like eagles swoop'd they on the queen,
Like rapid kites they fled;"—
Down dropp'd King Carlan from his steed,—
Dropp'd down as he were dead.

And to and fro, with sighs and moans,
He paced throughout the night;
And he had left his castle far
Before the morning light.

With armed bands, with glittering train,
In royal, rich array?—
No, silently he glided forth
In garb of peasant-gray.

"Dear mother!" still he wandering cried,
"Where may'st thou sorrowing be?
I'll trace the wide world round about
To find and set thee free."

All day, through forests old and dim,
He sadly travell'd on,
Where the wild creatures had their homes,
But human home was none.

And, as the sun's last yellow beams
All soft and slantly fell,
He sate him down, with weary heart,
Beside a forest well.

It was a lovely place: the sand,
Like silver dancing bright,
Sent gushing floods of water forth
Into the happy light.

Cushions of green and crimson moss
Clothed every sloping side;
The jagged ferns stoop'd down to drink
Of the ever-living tide:
There stood the birch with odorous locks,
The oak with arms of pride.

'Twas a lovely place; but he saw it not,—
His soul was sad of cheer:
He sate, and wrung his hands, and cried,
"O Holy Mother, hear!"

"I hear thee!" said a lady fair,
Who came at once unheard;
And gazed into his soul with eyes
Where all the mother stirr'd.

"I hear thee, child—and I will help;
Thine is a blessed deed;
Take thou this ermine-lined cloak;
This rod, too, for thy need;
For far into the dismal north,
Thy doomed path doth lead.

"And go as thou to heaven would'st go,—
Turn not to left or right;
Seek not to abbey, nor to tower,
For succour, day or night.

"But with the lowly and the poor
Thy board and bedding be;
And in all danger, or distress,
Call upon Heaven and me."

He went, as he to heaven would go,—
He turn'd not once aside;
The baron and his hunter-train
Shot past him in their pride;
And the friar gray went on his way,
Nor the little pilgrim eyed.

But wheresoe'er the peasant's axe
Sounded through woodlands dim,
There was a welcome, there a meal,
With a blessing, spread for him.

And wheresoe'er a peasant's roof
Sent up a quiet smoke,
He enter'd with the night-fall in,
And the dame a welcome spoke;
And the little children came around
And felt his ermine cloak.

And the mother brought him out her best,
As he her son had been,
Or a little nephew come from far,
Who there was seldom seen.

And when his simple tale was told,
His wanderings, and his pain,
Christ! how she clasp'd him to her heart!
How her gushing tears did rain!

She wash'd his feet, she made his bed,
She watch'd him as he slept;
And, when he rose again to go,
She kiss'd him, and she wept.

She made him eat, she made him drink,
And, when he went away,
With anxious eyes she follow'd him
Far o'er the moorlands gray;
And blessings sent, like messengers,
After him through the day.

And thus King Carlan travell'd on
Unto the northern shore;
And there he saw a gallant ship
Ready to bear him o'er.

He stepp'd into the rocking boat,
He trode the tall deck free;
"What noble child," the captain said,
"Is this ye bring to me?"
And he drew him gently by the hand,
And spoke right lovingly.

"Now wilt thou be my own boy?
Wilt sail with me the brine?
No child I have, no child would ask,
So thou wert only mine."

"It may not be," King Carlan said,
"I travel to the north;
And see, we almost touch the land:
I pray thee put me forth."

They put him forth, and on he went;
It was a dreary track;
A level, treeless, mighty waste,
With many a yawning crack;
And here and there a heavy crag,
That raised its sullen back.

For grass, a spongy liverwort
Spread o'er the sterile ground;
And toadstools slimy, broad, and brown,
Stood every where around.

He sate to rest upon a stone,
When up there came a crowd
Of little, ancient-looking men,
With voices shrill and loud.

Their whole array was russet-grey,
Their hats broad as the moon;
And merrily they leapt and danced,
All in their heavy shoon.

And with their quick, black, little eyes
They wickedly did leer:
"Welcome!" said they, "to Fairy-land!
'Tis glorious living here!

"Come, follow us, the doors stand wide,
Down, down to the scenes below;
The Fairy-queen may there be seen:
Our wonders thou shalt know."

But never a word he answer'd them,—
Scorn from his eyelids broke;
They laughed—they leapt—they laughed again—
And to each other spoke.

"Aha! he would his mother find!—
To the north the king is going!
And anon he will come to the Felsengeist—
'Tis a creature worth the knowing!"

"Aha!" said one, "I know a cave!"
Said another, "I know a thing!
And he that 'scapes the Felsengeist,
Must have an eagle's wing."

On went the king, without a word
The fiendish elves to greet;
But he heard the serpents hiss, and felt
Them glide around his feet.

And now he clomb the icy ridge;
And now he trod the snow;
And now he reached the precipice—
The world was far below.

Far, far below the world appear'd,
Through shrouding vapour dim;
And he felt, if his foot its surety miss'd,
There was instant death for him.

But down he went, down the descent,
All glittering, smooth, and cold,
As if water green had frozen been
With inward sparks of gold.

Twas a perilous way; but his journey lay
Onward, and only there:
The brain did swim at the depth so dim;
To look up was despair.

And now he came where down the rocks
Loud clattering waters fell;
And slimy, slippery was his path,
And the whizzing wind blew snell:
And, lo! beside him gaped a cave;
He mark'd its blackness well.

He enter'd—what two fiery eyes
Glared through the darkness drear!
Still stood he till the cavern-gloom
Grew to a twilight clear;
And a visage from its depth looked out,
That an iron heart might fear.

The features of a giant-man;
A forehead stern and wide;
Huge, grizzled brows, that hung a gloom
O'er eyes of scowling pride.

Locks, like a shaggy lion's, hung
Round lean and cruel jaws;
A hoary beard that swept the floor,
And a pair of armed paws.

"And who art thou that here canst make
Thy dwelling?" said the king.
The monster gave a sudden glare,
And growl'd, "I am a thing!"

"Thou 'rt old, thou 'rt very, very old;
I pray thee, canst thou see?"
"I see the ship in the Maalstrom,
And the men in misery;
And I look into the gulph, besure,
For they are all for me."

"Thou 'rt old, thou 'rt very, very old;
I pray thee, canst thou hear?"
"I hear the clack of the rein-deer's feet,
In the northern snow-tracks drear:
The stinging smack of the urging thong,
And the driver's voice, I hear."

"Thou 'rt old, thou 'rt very, very old;
Can feeling yet be thine?"
"I feel the tread of the traveller
That, 'neath the mountain-pine,
Wanders at midnight erringly:
If he perish, he is mine."

"Thou 'rt old, thou 'rt very, very old;
And can'st thou move abroad?"
With a sudden spring it reach'd the king;
But he smote it with his rod:
For the Felsengeist, he knew it then,
A creature curst of God.

Small as a hound upon the ground
That cruellest monster lay:
"Up! Up! for I must carry thee!
Up! Up! I must away!"

He leapt upon its back—away!
The cave, the crag was gone:
Through mist and cloud, through wind and hail,
They hurried, hurried on.

It grew! it spread! a phantom vast!
Its shaggy mane stream'd wide;
Swifter than arrow, bird, or blast,
Through air did Carlan ride.

Through gaps of cloud he saw the peaks
Of the sharp mountains glow,
Shooting up vast and silently,
Like giants, from below.

Back went the wastes of ancient ice,
Back went the forests hoar;
Up through the shroud of mist and rack,
Came the mighty ocean's roar.

In moments few the monster flew
To the sea-king's northern den;
And Carlan and his mother dear
Met and embraced again.

By the strongest, cruellest, fleetest thing
Did the Holy Maid decree,
That Carlan should his mother reach;
By it should set her free.

And back through many a weary land,
Together did they tread;
With human patience, human pains,
By human kindness fed.

And this the royal boy did learn,—
Rich boon to regal pride,—
How small a thing is even a king,
In a world so vast and wide:
But with piety and poverty,
Doth a precious power abide.

SONNET.

THE OPENING OF THE TOMB OF CHARLEMAGNE.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

AMID the torch-lit gloom of Auchen's* aisle
Stood Otho, Germany's imperial lord,
Regarding, with a melancholy smile,
A simple stone, where, fitly to record
A world of action by a single word,
Was graven "Carlo-Magno!" Regal style
Was needed none: that name such thoughts restored
As sadden, yet make nobler, men the while.
They roll'd the marble back—with sudden gasp,
A moment o'er the vault the Kaiser bent,
Where still a mortal monarch seem'd to reign:
Crown'd on his throne, a sceptre in his grasp,
Perfect in each gigantic lineament,
Otho look'd face to face on Charlemagne!

* Aix-la-Chapelle.



SIR NICHOLAS AT MARSTON MOOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas; the clarion's note
is high;
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas; the huge drum
makes reply:
Ere this hath Lucas marched with his gallant
cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter on
our ears:
To horse, to horse, Sir Nicholas; white Guy is at
the door;
And the vulture whets his beak o'er the field of
Marston Moor.

Uprose the lady Alice from her brief and broken
prayer;
And she brought a silken standard down the narrow
turret-stair:
Oh, many were the tears those radiant eyes had
shed,
As she worked the bright word "Glory" in the gay
and glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile that o'er those beau-
teous features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in
the van."

" It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride;
Through the steel-clad files of Skippon, and the black dragoons of Pride;
The recreant soul of Fairfax will feel a sicklier qualm,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gew gaw flaunt bravely on their wing,
And hear her loyal soldier's shout, for God and for the king!"

'Tis noon; the ranks are broken along the royal line;
They fly, the braggards of the court, the bullies of the Rhine:
Stout Langley's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down;
And Rupert sheathes his rapier with a curse and with a frown:
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in the flight,
" The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is all alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
But still he waves the standard, and cries amid the rout,
" For church and king, fair gentlemen, spur on, and fight it out!"—

And now he wards a roundhead's pike, and now he
hums a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells
a knave.

Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no
thought of fear;
Good speed to thee, Sir Nicholas! but fearful odds
are here.
The traitors ring thee round, and with every blow
and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial, down with
him to the dust!"
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's
trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the saints and for
the Lord!"

The lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower;
The grey-haired warden watches on the castle's
highest tower.—
"What news, what news, old Anthony?"—"The
field is lost and won;
The ranks of war are melting as the mists beneath
the sun;
And a wounded man speeds hither,—I am old and
cannot see,
Or sure I am that sturdy step my master's step
should be."

"I bring thee back the standard from as rude and
red a fray
As e'er was proof of soldier's thews, or theme for
minstrel's lay:
Bid Hubert fetch the silver bowl, and liquor quantum
suff.;
I'll make a shift to drain it, ere I part with boot
and buff;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is
breathing out his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and
faithful wife.

"Sweet, we will fill our money-bags, and freight
a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor realm's
mischance:
Or, if the worst betide me, why better axe or rope,
Than life with Lenthal for a King, and Peters for a
Pope!—
Alas, alas, my gallant Guy!—out on the crop-eared
boor,
That sent me with my standard on foot from
Marston Moor."

THE CONFESSIONAL; OR, THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY MRS. ELIZA WALKER.

At Paris, in the year 179–, there were two brothers, named Victor and Pierre Pontois, living in the Rue St. Marguerite, near the Luxembourg Gardens. They were neither dignified by talent nor by birth; and competence was only doled out to them, in the wages of manual labour. They seemed destined by fate to obscurity and seclusion; yet circumstances, in their combination, linked a chain which led, step by step, to notoriety and record. Victor, the eldest, was distinguished from childhood by a gloomy moroseness of disposition, which, differing from the careless and joyous temperament of his brother and neighbours, created between them a wide barrier of demarcation, which neither party cared to lessen. He was a steady workman, and followed his occupation, that of a watchmaker, with a quiet perseverance which, if it won praise from his master, excited often the ridicule of his companions. The whirl of amusement in which all classes of Parisians move, drew him not into its vortex. It might be that a portion of the dulness and misanthropy which marked his conduct, originated in the contempt with which he inspired the fairer half of the creation; for it was

Victor's misfortune to be even remarkably plain. He was short, and ill made; and not one feature of his face atoned for the deficiencies of the others: even expression, the soul and essence of beauty, he could lay no claim to; he looked, indeed, as if fashioned by Nature's "'prentice hand." Who could have deemed, while gazing on his sunken eye and lowering brow, that his heart was the seat of every gentler feeling—the home of every endearing virtue? Nor voice nor manner demonstrated their existence; for, except when speaking to children, he pertinaciously preserved that rough and surly exterior, which, deterring others from him, perpetuated and increased the evil in himself: even to his brother, to whom he was fondly and devotedly attached, he betrayed no outward symptom of affection; and yet he would have toiled for him by day, and watched by him at night; he would have encountered peril for his sake, and death in his defence; and, to save him one pang of grief, months of suffering would have seemed a light equivalent.

In person, as in disposition, the contrast between the brothers was equally decisive. Pierre was a perfect model of manly beauty: unerring in proportion and commanding in height, he looked the realization of the Apollo, breathing with human thoughts and passions, and illumined by life and reason. In his own circle, he was regarded as a wonder, and envied for the distinction he obtained in feminine conquest. Not a day passed without

fresh food being afforded for the gratification of his conceit and pride. But these were not the only errors of Pierre's heart: there lay in that heart a mine of cold, absorbing selfishness, of which every thought, feeling, and act, bore the impress. His manners were specious and prepossessing; and the light and sensitive texture of his feelings, which every slight circumstance elevated to joy, or depressed to sorrow, deceived many as to his real character. All saw him gay, blythesome, and exuberant; and if the enthusiasm of his disposition, and the excitement of universal admiration, led him into follies and extravagancies, it was little blamed, and less marvelled at. None believed him crafty, politic, and designing; the slave of passions, ungovernable and wild; the prey to a devouring self-love, which grudged the common gifts of nature in others, and would have appropriated all of might, and genius, and beauty, to itself. The humble sphere in which he moved limited the action of this overweening jealousy, and the merry laugh and ceaseless jest shrouded it from observation; but the hour was to come when it should reveal itself with tremendous force.

In the Rue St. Jacques, which is near the Rue St. Marguerite, a small milliner's shop had become a place of resort to the gay and the fashionable of Paris, from the loveliness of the girl who officiated in it. Louison had all that graceful coquetry of manner, which, in her countrywomen, is so magically fasci-

nating; and deliciously did she use this weapon of playfulness against the hearts of her numberless suitors. For a whole year she scarcely distinguished one from another, by any peculiar mark of condescension; but at length her choice was made, and Pierre was proclaimed as her accepted husband, and the month fixed for the celebration of their nuptials. A few weeks had yet to elapse before the arrival of the happy day. During this period, a fire broke out in the house in which Louison resided. Pierre and Victor flew to the spot. The flames were mounting to the chamber of Louison: Pierre, true to his nature, from which love could not extirpate selfishness, filled the air with frantic exclamations, but dared not the danger before him, though life was receding, every instant, from the woman whom he professed to worship. Victor, to whom the beautiful Louison had never spoken but with contempt, only remembering that a fellow-creature tottered on the abyss of the grave, and that she was the idol of the brother whom he idolized, rushed up the narrow stair-case, the steps of which were hot beneath his feet; and, amidst crackling timbers and blazing rafts, caught the fainting form of Louison in his arms, and delivered her unhurt to the happy Pierre.

The deep scar which the flames had stamped upon Victor's forehead, was not the only memento he retained of that eventful night: a wound was in his heart's core as ineffaceable, and how much more

agonizing than the seam upon his brow. He had held, for the first time in his life, an exquisitely lovely girl in his embrace, under circumstances of peculiar interest; he had felt her bosom beat against his own; and when, from an impulse of gratitude, and the dim unconsciousness as to whom she owed her existence to, she flung her fair soft arms around his neck, he felt the blood, which had been so congealed against woman's influence, dissolve at once, and flow hotter than the streams of lava through his veins. Nor, in the first ecstatic moments of deliverance, was Louison ungrateful to her preserver: her affections were engrossed by Pierre—her faith betrothed to him; but she could not forget that she had demonstrated the precise amount of her power over him; that it was circumscribed within the limits of personal safety, and that all her smiles, and all her love, were not sufficient to induce him to risk his life in rescue of hers: while Victor, ungoverned by the recollections of her contumely and scorn, dared heroically in her defence; and the very existence she enjoyed, was the boon he had given for all her slights and all her sarcasms. She no longer perceived the coarseness of his person; and that voice, which had been discord to her ear, only brought to mind the wild and fervent exclamation, —"Thank God! she is safe!" which burst from his lips when depositing her in Pierre's breast. Victor vainly combatted against the influence which the altered tone of her manners wrought upon him:

he saw that Pierre writhed beneath each smile she bestowed upon another: her reproaches for his selfishness, and the tender enthusiastic thanks she heaped upon himself, were proved, by the fierce scowl of his brother's eye, and the curve of his lip, to be torture to him. Yet, was she not engaged to him? Was she not, in a few brief weeks, to be his bride —the companion of his life? But this was not enough: the characteristic deformity of his nature, the master passion of his soul, was called into action, and goaded his undisciplined spirit to madness.

On the evening of a public *fête*, Louison prevailed on Victor to accompany herself and Pierre to a ball in the neighbourhood. Prompted by that love of tormenting inherent in so many of her sex, or urged, it might be, by the worthier motive of rousing the spirits of Victor, who was, on this occasion, more than ordinarily depressed, Louison bestowed all her attentions on him. She danced but with him, called him her "dear Victor," and gave, with the rose in her bosom, a little locket containing a tress of her own sunny hair, which she begged him to wear always, for her sake, during his wanderings in Italy, whither he purposed hastening after his brother's marriage. She gave it openly, for she had no covert design to hide; and when she saw the flush of unusual joy which gleamed across the pallid cheek of Victor, on receiving the gift, her eyes filled with tears of the purest sympathy. A moment after she saw

the demoniacal expression which distorted the fine features of Pierre, who was regarding them fixedly; and she hastened to his side. Forgetting all her coquetry, she took his hand in both her's, and, laying her young and cherub cheek on his shoulder, inquired, in a tone of deep and anxious tenderness, if he were ill? He caught at the excuse her fears suggested as a plea for urging their immediate return home, and ascribed his agitation to sudden indisposition, occasioned by the heat of the room. Arrived at her residence, he declared himself recovered; and, bidding her farewell, told her he would rejoin his brother, to share in the concluding festivities of the evening.

He left her, and, passing through the Rue St. Dominique, saw a figure standing in the Rue St. Catherine, a lonely and narrow street which crosses it. The night was clear and cloudless: the moon, proud in her own omnipotent beauty, sailed tranquilly through the blue heavens, without a star to light her on her path; but not one ray of peace did Pierre imbibe from her gentle influence. Again he looked upon the dark figure near him, who was alternately gazing at, and pressing to his lips, something which he held in his hand. Pierre now found that it was Victor who stood before him, and felt that the object kissed with such fervour, was the locket so lately given by the hand of Louison. He rushed up the street, which was entirely deserted, the *fête* having attracted the chief part of the inha-

bitants from their houses. He accosted Victor, and poured out the long-suppressed tide of his wrath and jealousy, denouncing him as a traitor to him, as having endeavoured to estrange the affections of Louison from him, and having himself set fire to the house in which she lived, for the purpose of seeking, through gratitude, those smiles which, in the ordinary career of events, he neither deserved nor would have obtained. Victor bore his tauntings and virulence in apathetic silence, nor returned one word in recrimination or defence. His indifference but served as fresh incentive to Pierre's fury: his silence was attributed to conscious guilt, and utter inability to repel the accusation. Pierre demanded the locket: this roused the hitherto imperturbable Victor. It was the remembrancer of the one single hour of blessedness that had shone in a painful and dreary existence, and he declared that it should be yielded only with his heart's best blood. Pierre, frenzied by opposition, retorted that his words should have instant realization; and, drawing forth a dagger from beneath his cloak, plunged it in his brother's breast! A cloud had obscured the moon: when she emerged from its shadow, she gleamed upon the bloody and prostrate form of Victor, lying alone and dying on the cold pavement!

Many years had elapsed. The disappearance of Victor had called forth, at the time, but little animadversion: he had been an object of regard to none; and the mystery which appeared to involve

his fate, awakened none of that active curiosity and eager interest, which would have unveiled that mystery. Pierre encouraged the belief that he had gone on his projected journey to Italy: his marriage with Louison now took place, and he abandoned himself to the excess of gaiety, and revelled in ceaseless amusement. He careered through dissipation joyously and wildly. He was flourishing in circumstances, blessed with a beautiful wife, who was only gay when he smiled, only sad when he was sorrowful; who would have clung to him in adversity, as the bird quits not the blighted tree which, in the days of its freshness and bloom, had sheltered and protected it. And Pierre was now the father of a group of young and innocent beings who played at his feet, and lisped his name in their prayers,—who looked up to him for guidance and counsel, and by whom he was regarded with that unmixed, undoubting veneration and love, which nature implants in every child's breast to assist a parent's legislation and authority. He walked with them, played with them, lavished on them the tenderest caresses; and they understood not the smothered groan of anguish which burst from his heart when gazing on them. Every thing around him breathed an atmosphere of peace and joy; yet every thing within him was gloomy and ruffled. He gradually lost the gaiety which had distinguished him, and passed, by slow degrees, into such misanthropy and dejection, as appeared the sure precursors of settled insanity. Vainly did Louison

strive to win him back to cheerfulness, by every fond and feminine device. She fancied she had watched his heart so long, and so interestedly, that she should know the origin of every shade that passed over it. She engaged him in a new pursuit: it excited his energies for a brief space, but left him more joyless and despairing than ever. She entreated him to seek the tranquillizing power of religion, and she succeeded. Pierre was a Catholic by education and profession: not that he had fulfilled its ritual with even decent observance; on the contrary, he had branded its creed as the contrivance of priestcraft and bigotry, and denounced its holiest ceremonies as superstitious mummery. But Pierre was now a changed being, and he eagerly rushed to the only gates which are never closed to the wretched and the guilty. Every mass was punctually attended: the earliest matins, and the latest vespers, saw him kneeling in the small church of St. Germain des Prés, one of the chapels of ease to St. Sulpice. He had repaired thither one evening with his wife: it was one of summer's most glorious. The sun, yet monarch of the sky, lighted up with gorgeous light the darkest recesses of the church: his beams fell upon the altar, and gave to the pallid features of the priests who officiated, an illumination beautiful and touching. The treasures of every little chapel were developed—every sculptured group was gilded by his beams. It seemed as if he would fain give his last radiance to the holy temples of earth, where

his Maker was worshipped. Clouds of incense shed their rich fragrance around. The devout of both sexes were kneeling in prayer and adoration. The priests, in their snowy robes, were gliding about in that mysterious silence which, to the uninitiated and imaginative, has something in it peculiarly impressive. Ever and anon a voice, feeble with age, chaunted a few trembling words, and was succeeded by a chorus of youthful voices, whose strength and sweetness reverberated in melodious cadences through the aisles.

The vespers concluded: Pierre and Louison passed down the northern aisle, and paused awhile to gaze on a picture of our Saviour's agony in the garden, to which the skill of the artist had given consummate effect. Pierre looked at it long, and retired from the observation with an aspect so humbly contrite, and so calmly penitent, that Louison felt another step was gained toward conversion and peace; but she knew not that a murderer had received a touch of calm! She seized the moment to implore him to seek the solace of confession. Hitherto he had burst into a paroxysm of frantic despair, whenever the subject was broached: such tortures had convulsed his frame, at the very mention of the word, that she almost trembled while renewing her entreaties. What was her joy, after a pause of some moments, in which the passions and crimes of his whole life seemed to pass before his memory, and strain every fibre of his soul as the rack stretches

the nerves of the body, to hear him reply, in a deep sepulchral voice, "Yes, Louison; I will confess ere the close of another day!"

They returned home, and Pierrè passed the night in a feverish and restless agony. All have felt reluctance to unfold, to a fellow-mortal, the indiscretions they have committed: there is a shrinking from judgment, a fear of reprehension, even when the error is venial and insignificant: how much greater the struggle in his breast, whose crimes have been sufficient to condemn him to eternal loathing and detestation! But Pierre armed himself for the trial: it was the last refuge of guilt and despair. He had sought, in amusement, for oblivion of his sins: he had tasked the world's gifts to furnish to him a moment's release from the gnawing pangs of remorse. These had all failed; and to what could he now fly but to confession?

The evening came, and Pierre repaired, with trembling steps, to the church of St. Germain des Prés. He entered the confessional, and, when the little door closed upon him, felt almost suffocated with his own sensations. The mild, encouraging voice of the priest awoke him from the stupor of fearful despair: he called on him to confess; and Pierre, in broken sentences, dragged forth from his soul the dark and buried secret of years, and confided it to human ear! The priest listened with earnest and absorbed attention: the shades of evening obscured his face; but Pierre heard the

deep-drawn sigh, even the thick sob of sympathy and emotion, as he proceeded in his narrative; and the voice of the priest was tremulous with agitation, when he imposed a penance of severest rigour, commensurate with the acknowledged crime.

Pierre returned home partially lightened of the weight that had oppressed him; but his intellects were fast failing. The agitation of the preceding two days had reduced his physical strength in an extraordinary degree; and the mind, long enervated by despair, and by its tremendous efforts to relieve itself, could ill sustain even the reaction of peace and hope. The long-hoarded crime had gnawed, link by link, "reason's delicate chain;" the fragile bonds, tasked beyond their strength, gave way; and he awoke, the morning after confession, delirious! Louison distractedly sought professional aid; and, during her absence, Pierre rushed to the Palais de Justice, and made public confession of his crime. For a while his asseverations were treated as the ebullitions of madness; but when he stated every minute particular, when he told of the motives that had prompted, of the remorse that had devoured him, credence was given to him; and, after a lengthened investigation, he was conveyed to a cell: his trial took place shortly afterwards; and, various corroborating circumstances proving his guilt, he was condemned to death!

The day arrived for his execution, and the area of the Place de Grève was filled with an immense

concourse of spectators. The fatal cavalcade appeared in view, and the voices of the assembled hundreds were simultaneously hushed to silence. Pierre, stained with a brother's blood, awakened interest without commiseration; yet the wild hollow eye, the attenuated frame, and the ashy sunken cheek, bearing such palpable demonstration, as they did, of the sufferings of the wretched culprit, might have excused a sigh of sympathy for him. But the pity of the crowd was all directed to, and engrossed by, his pale and beautiful wife, who, mute and tearless, gazed with intense and unimaginable woe on her still loved husband. The exhortation given, the confession made, and absolution granted, Pierre's foot was on the scaffold, when a movement appeared amongst the crowd, and a priest was seen forcing his way onwards with frantic eagerness. His garb and his agitation secured his progress, and he was soon at the foot of the scaffold, exclaiming, in a voice hoarse with emotion, "Soldiers! unloose the cords!—He is innocent!—he is innocent! My brother! my own poor brother! it is Victor that speaks! that Victor you believed you had murdered!" But Pierre heard him not. To his enfeebled mind, the sudden appearance of Victor had seemed a vision from the dead. He gazed on him with bewildered unconsciousness. Victor took his hand, and laid it on the memorable scar across his brow. Pierre trembled violently, made several frightful attempts at speech, uttered one long and

dreary groan, and fell a corpse at the feet of his brother!

It now remains to explain the circumstances which had befallen Victor since the night of the *fête*. The stab which he had received from the hand of Pierre, aimed at his heart, was made immediately below it. Pierre, fancying he heard the sound of approaching voices, waited not the result of his assassin blow; but, believing, from the effusion of blood, that the next minute would witness the dissolution of Victor, hurried from the spot. Victor lay long in extremest agony: none came into the street; and the horror of his soul, while thinking on the baseness of his brother, exceeded the anguish of his bodily sufferings. At length he crawled from the spot, having determined against returning to that home which would now be for ever embittered, on both sides, with such deadly recollections; and, retaining not one feeling of revenge, he applied to a surgeon unacquainted with his person, to whom he pretended that the accident originated in a drunken brawl. The wound was pronounced not dangerous; and, after a few weeks' confinement in a solitary lodging, he set off for Italy: he there followed the occupation he had been engaged in at Paris, and devoted his leisure hours to clerical studies, in pursuance of his resolution to adopt the profession of a priest. The ingratitude he had met with from the world, made him incapable of entering into the world's follies and amusements: the sanctuary of a

cloister seemed to him the only path to contentment and peace. In due time he assumed the sacerdotal garb, and by the blamelessness of his life, and the benevolence of his nature, won the esteem of all.

After remaining in Italy some years, he resolved on returning to Paris. His soul yearned to see that brother so beloved, despite the injuries inflicted by him, and to be again an inhabitant of the same city. He came,—he visited the haunts of his youth,—saw the home of his childhood, and frequently, unobserved, looked on the apparently happy Pierre, surrounded by his wife and children. He obtained an appointment at the church of St. Germain des Prés, where he regularly officiated. Here, engaged in his religious devotions, and assisted by the influence of time, the recollection of the fearful event that had divorced him from society was gradually fading from his mind, when his brother, his own dear Pierre, knelt before him in all the prostration of penitence, and the abandonment of despair! What a struggle for Victor! Gladly would he have folded him to his breast,—ever loved, and long since forgiven! But would his repentance be forwarded by the act? It might be that the pardon of Heaven could yet be won by the long continuous exercise of penance and prayer, and his premature revelation of himself might frustrate the holy work. He listened in silence to that confession which, uttered in a voice once so sweetly familiar to his ear, brought back to his recollection the endear-

ments of infancy, and impelled him momentarily to disclosure. But religion triumphed over feeling: he heard him in silence, and replied to him in language in which human passion mixed not with conscientious duty. He saw his brother depart, and retired to his cell to give a loose to uncontrollable emotion.

The duty of his parish called him into the country the morning after the confession of Pierre; and he returned not to the capital until the day appointed for his execution. Victor rushed to the fatal scaffold; and the torrent of exuberant joy which overflowed his heart, when he ascertained that the axe had not yet fallen on its victim, repaid, with its deliciousness, the days of misery he had numbered. He marked not the pale cheek, the vacant glare in Pierre's eye: he saw that he was alive, and he was satisfied. How transient was his pleasure! He held his brother once again in his arms; but in a few brief seconds he looked upon his corpse.

He gazed at the form which lay at his feet steadfastly and speechlessly. The last sensation of earthly sorrow quivered his lip, and heaved his breast; and he retired to a monastery, in that dreary apathy which renounces for ever all accessibility to this world's influence, and finds repose only in the contemplation of the quiet grave, and of that kingdom beyond, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

THE WALLS OF JERICHO.

" See, I have given into thine hand Jericho, and the king thereof, and the mighty men of valour."—*Joshua* vi. 2.

AWAKE, awake the song!
Let the soft lute prolong
Its thrilling music through the vaulted hall;
Fill high the bowl to-night;
While beauty's smile of light
Flings day upon the gorgeous festival.

City of ancient years,
Be happy, though the spears
Of tented Israel round thy dwellings wait;
Art thou not shielded well
By tower and citadel?
Is not the wakeful warder at the gate?

Many a monarch's throne,
In desolation prone,
The iron rain of conquest has laid low;
But vainly it shall fall
On thine unyielding wall:
Man shall not harm thee, glorious Jericho!

So said they in their pride:—
And lo! the purple tide
Of morning's light flowed o'er the kindling sky;

The heathen saw again
Upon the darkened plain
In deep repose the camp of Judah lie.

And, hark! a deep sound rose,
A sound of coming foes,
Trampling with armed feet the yielding sod;
As forth from every tent
The silent warriors went,
The wondrous tribes, the chosen of their God.

But, lo! no sword was bare;
No shield was lifted there;
Unmoved the arrow in its quiver lay:
With solemn step and slow
Around the marvelling foe
The men of Israel wound their stern array.

Why lingers yet thy wrath,
O Israel, on its path?
And who are they, the dim, mysterious seven,
Who from the trumpet's throat
Send forth the wailing note
Unceasingly, unceasingly, to heaven?

No human warfare ours;
Against those fated towers
We dig no trench, we hurl no idle spear;
Yet, ere the day-light flee,
Mute, void their place shall be;—
The ark of God's high covenant is here!

Enough!—now draw the sword;
Now shout ye to the Lord!—
The turrets from their deep foundations bow;
Those walls, so huge and high,
Black, cold, in ruin lie;
The fenced city is defenceless now.

Did she not know how vain
The bar, the massy chain,
When he, the Almighty, in his wrath should wake;
Beneath whose footstep dread
The mountain bows its head,
And the dark caverns of the loud sea quake?

Avenger, enter in;
Cleanse ye the groves of sin;
Pour forth the blood, the heathen blood, as wine;
Snatch from the tyrant's hand
The sceptre of command;
And hurl the voiceless idol from the shrine.

If e'er before the face
Of the accursed race
Your hearts should tremble, and your cheeks grow pale;
Remember how this day
The mighty passed away;—
Yea, God is great!—tell ye your sons the tale!

M. G. T.



MARS DISARMED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

AYE, bear it hence, thou blessed child,
 Though dire the burthen be,
And hide it in the pathless wild,
 Or drown it in the sea :
The ruthless murderer prays and swears ;
 So let him swear and pray ;
Be deaf to all his oaths and prayers,
 And take the sword away.

We 've had enough of fleets and camps,
 Guns, glories, odes, gazettes,
Triumphal arches, coloured lamps,
 Huzzas, and epaulettes ;
We could not bear upon our head
 Another leaf of bay ;
That horrid Buonaparté 's dead ;—
 Yes, take the sword away.

We 're weary of the noisy boasts
 That pleased our patriot throngs ;
We 've long been dull to Gooch's toasts,
 And tame to Dibdin's songs ;
We 're quite content to rule the wave,
 Without a great display ;
We 're known to be extremely brave ;
 But take the sword away.

We give a shrug, when fife and drum
Play up a favorite air;
We think our barracks are become
More ugly than they were;
We laugh to see the banners float;
We loathe the charger's bray;
We don't admire a scarlet coat;
Do take the sword away.

Let Portugal have rulers twain;
Let Greece go on with none;
Let Popery sink or swim in Spain,
While we enjoy the fun;
Let Turkey tremble at the knout;
Let Algiers lose her Dey;
Let Paris turn her Bourbons out;—
Bah! take the sword away.

Our honest friends in Parliament
Are looking vastly sad;
Our farmers say with one consent
It's all immensely bad;
There was a time for borrowing,
And now it's time to pay;
A budget is a serious thing;
So take the sword away.

And oh, the bitter tears we wept,
In those our days of fame,—
The dread, that o'er our heart-strings crept
With every post that came,—

The home-affections, waged and lost
In every far-off fray,—
The price that British glory cost!
Ah! take the sword away.

We've plenty left to hoist the sail,
Or mount the dangerous breach;
And Freedom breathes in every gale,
That wanders round our beach.
When duty bids us dare or die,
We'll fight another day:
But till we know a reason why,
Take, take the sword away.

SONNET.

TO MILTON'S PORTRAIT, IN A FRIEND'S PARLOUR.

SEMBLANCE of him, who pour'd his soul in song
More pure, majestic, simple, and sublime
Than aught achieved by bards of later time,
What happier home could unto thee belong?
For sure thy noble spirit it would wrong, [climb,
Wont, while on earth, toward heavenly heights to
If e'en the portrait of thy manhood's prime
Should hold communion with the wordly throng.
Look down, then, upon those who greet thy gaze
With gentleness and love; for they can feel
The mute, yet sweetly eloquent, appeal
Of thy mild glance:—and if, in this world's maze,
Their lot, like thine, seem *"fallen on evil days,"*
May thoughts of thee their wounded spirits heal!

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

All things which are, in this material world,
Howe'er distinct from subtler energies,
And sunder'd from vitality and thought,
Have in themselves a fixt and innate power
To hold communion with the answering mind,
And shape the spirit's musings. Rocks and woods—
The rush of mighty waters—winds, which sweep
The pale autumnal groves—the first bright glance
Shot beaming from the armoury of morn,
And the last tint which hues the parting day—
Each hath its separate language and appeal
To chords, which, passive of that gentle sway,
Make holy melody within the breast.
So, in the olden days, when queenly Greece
And fair Etruria flourish'd, Earth and Sea
Teem'd with the forms of feign'd divinity:
The reed-encircled Naiad, lotus-crown'd,
Sang to the murmurs of her welling stream;
Screen'd from the summer heat, by vine-wreathed
caves,
The Satyr tuned his pipe (the purple wine
Mantling his beechen goblet, and his rest
Soothed by the mountain bee), while from the deep
The scaly Proteus led his tumbling herds,
And Amphitrite left her pearl-lit realm
To calm old Ocean's murmurs: thus the power
Of fancy vested with substantial shape

The varied feelings, springing into force
From nature's fount. Her thousand gods are past:
The sense which gave them birth is living still.

But most, where all is eloquent, exists
This secret converse, when the teeming earth
Unfolds her flowery offspring, redolent
Of life, and blooming with unnumber'd dyes.
By these is man's existence shadow'd forth—
Himself a fleeting flower, which blossoms here
To render fruit 'neath more propitious skies;
And well might every hope and grief, that marks
His mortal course, an apt similitude
Find in the dewy children of the mead.
Love hath his symbols: hence in far Cathay,
And where the arrowy Tigris rolls his wave
Through fragrant reeds, and woods, whose bending
trunks
Weep precious balms; and on those palmy fields,
Where erst the majesty of Persia fell,
The words of passion find an utterance thus,
And all its nameless feelings stand reveal'd
By emblems gather'd from the grove or rill.
Methinks our land, as fair and green as these,
Might furnish matter in its mossy glades,
And fern-invested hills, where thought should rove,
And young imagination sport, as free.

Lo! first arising by our rustic path,
A golden plant, with starry disk display'd,

As drinking splendour from the noon-day sun!
This should the Roman fabulist have placed
Beside the gates of morning; and its flower
To us may indicate Devotedness,
Intense and soul-absorbing. Close beside,
The Daisy, with its petals crimson-fringed,
Speaks of Humility, disclaiming praise,
And fairer by abasement. Fiery Zeal,
Stern, battling with calamity, and prompt
To seal its witness e'en with blood, shines out
Emblazon'd in the Poppy: and the slight
And sapphire-tinted Cyanus gives note
Of Faith, which, ever gazing on the skies,
Imbibes from thence their fair and peaceful hue.

Deep close the shades around us; and the wind,
Which sweeps the rustling thicket, bends to sight,
With fairy leaf and branches wet with dew,
The slender Celandine: thus Jealousy
Dwells in unutter'd bitterness apart,
And feeds its griefs with silence. Pale below,
The meek Anemone, with virgin grace,
The nurture and the victim of a day,
Tells of a Love which blossoms but to fade,
Nipt in its playful infancy. Above,
Circling with blushing wreaths the blighted oak,
The Woodbine drops its odours on the breeze:
So doth Affection gather strength from time,
Constant where once its plighted vows are fix'd,
And smiles from age and sorrow:—while that light

And yellow Broom may fitly emblem Youth,
Rejoicing in its comeliness, and fraught
With hopes, which after-storms shall strew in air.

Mark where with murmurs, through the crested grass,
Steals that untroubled stream, how closely rank'd
The forest's congregated tribes stand forth !—
The moss-clad Violet, fragrant and conceal'd,
Like hidden Charity—the Iris, proud
And stately flower of Pomp and regal Might—
The sanguine Stachys, towering and erect,
Ambition's token—and the purple buds
The Nightshade offers from her clustering leaves,
Like Guilt, whose mad delights are fair at first,
And after-products poison—pillow'd calm,
There sleeps the Lily, sign of Chastity,
With stainless buds, reflected from the tide—
The blue Forget-me-not, whose petals seem
Wrought from the turkis-stone, which ever smiles,
Like Hope, when clouds are gathering—and the plumed
And fragile Reed, low bending to the blast,
Of patient Trust symbolic, and the heart
Which, tried by griefs, endureth to the end.

What meets us next? The Ivy, flinging wide
Its dark and tangled boughs. Time-hallow'd plant!
How flies the awaken'd thought at sight of thee,—
To panthers link'd, and thyrsus-bearing nymphs,
And old Silenus, and the nightly feasts

On torch-illumined Hæmus! Thou should'st be
The crown of Memory and unshaken Truth:—
And that dim, mournful Hyacinth, which holds
A soul of fragrance, the retiring type
Of deep Fidelity, whose only joy
Lies in communion with the parted dead.

The Rose, the ever mild and blushing Rose,
The garden queen, the beauty of the glade,
What poet but hath sung, what heart but feels
All that thy presence speaks of?—See apart
Hypericum reveals its sun-bright shower,
In rich profusion, like aspiring Wealth;
And Agrimony gleams with pallid stars,
Whose name betokens Sorrow! Nor unmark'd
Be Digitalis, Honour's ensign tall;
Nor Mullein, with its studded distaff rear'd
Like grave Authority; nor Centaury,
Dyed with the looks of eve, whose slender stem
Should deck the Warrior's relics. Last of all,
Waves with disparted leaf the graceful Fern,
Haunt of the fairy tribe, beneath whose screen
Titania slumbers, while the moonlight streams
O'er wood and sparkling well, and Oberon
Convokes his elfin senate, and leads on
The merry dance: a thousand legends dwell
Within its shade; and, therefore, should it deck
The brow of Fancy, and for ever wreathe
Imagination's tresses, when she sweeps
Her often wild, but still enthralling lyre.

THE RAT-CATCHER: A SKETCH.

BY MISS MITFORD.

Beautifully situated on a steep knoll, overhanging a sharp angle in the turnpike road, which leads through our village of Aberleigh, stands a fantastic rustic building, with a large yew-tree on one side, a superb weeping ash hanging over it on the other, a clump of elms forming a noble back-ground behind, and all the prettinesses of porches garlanded with clematis, windows mantled with jessamine, and chimneys wreathed with luxuriant ivy, adding grace to the picture. To form a picture, most assuredly, it was originally built,—a point of view, as it is called, from Allonby-hall, to which the bye-road that winds round this inland cape, or headland, directly leads; and most probably it was also copied from some book of tasteful designs for lodges or ornamented cottages, since not only the building itself, but the winding path that leads up the acclivity, and the gate which gives entrance to the little garden, smack of the pencil and the graver.

For a picture certainly, and probably from a picture, was that cottage erected, although its ostensible purpose was merely that of a receiving-house for letters and parcels for the Hall; to which the present inhabitant, a jolly, bustling, managing dame, of great activity and enterprise in her own peculiar

line, has added the profitable occupation of a thriving and well-accustomed village-shop, contaminating the picturesque old-fashioned bay-window of the fancy letter-house, by the vulgarities of red-herrings, tobacco, onions, and salt-butter, a sight which must have made the projector of her elegant dwelling stare again,—and forcing her customers to climb up and down an ascent almost as steep as the roof of a house, whenever they wanted a pennyworth of needles, or a halfpennyworth of snuff, a toil whereat some of our poor old dames groaned aloud. Sir John threatened to turn her out, and her customers threatened to turn her off; but neither of these events happened. Dinah Forde appeased her landlord and managed her customers: for Dinah Forde was a notable woman; and it is really surprising what great things, in a small way, your notable women will compass.

Besides Mrs. Dinah Forde, and her apprentice, a girl of ten years old, the letter-house had lately acquired another occupant, in the shape of Dinah's tenant or lodger,—I don't know which word best expresses the nature of the arrangement,—my old friend, Sam Page, the Rat-catcher; who, together with his implements of office, two ferrets, and four mongrels, inhabited a sort of shed or outhouse at the back of the premises,—serving, "especially the curs," as Mrs. Forde was wont to express herself, "as a sort of guard and protection to a lone woman's property.'

Sam Page was, as I have said, an old acquaintance of our's, although neither as a resident of Aberleigh, nor in his capacity of rat-catcher, both of which were recent assumptions. It was, indeed, a novelty to see Sam Page as a resident any where. His abode seemed to be the highway. One should as soon have expected to find a gipsy within stone walls, as soon have looked for a hare in her last year's form, or a bird in his old nest, as for Sam Page in the same place a month together: so completely did he belong to that order which the lawyers call vagrants, and the common people designate by the significant name of trampers; and so entirely of all rovers did he seem the most roving, of all wanderers the most unsettled. The winds, the clouds, our English weather, were but a type of his mutability.

Our acquaintance with him had commenced above twenty years ago, when, a lad of some fifteen or thereaway, he carried muffins and cakes about the country. The whole house was caught by his intelligence and animation, his light active figure, his keen grey eye, and the singular mixture of shrewdness and good-humour in his sharp but pleasant features. Nobody's muffins could go down but Sam Page's. We turned off our old stupid deaf cakeman, Simon Browne, and appointed Sam on the instant. (N. B. This happened at the period of a general election, and Sam wore the right colour, and Simon the wrong.) Three times a week he was

to call. Faithless wretch!—he never called again! He took to selling election ballads, and carrying about handbills. We waited for him a fortnight, went muffinless a whole fortnight; and then, our candidate being fairly elected, and blue and yellow returned to their original non-importance, were fain to put up once more with poor old deaf Simon Browne.

Sam's next appearance was in the character of a letter-boy, when he and a donkey set up a most spirited opposition to Thomas Hearne and the post-cart. Every body was dissatisfied with Thomas Hearne, who had committed more sins than I can remember, of forgetfulness, irregularity, and all manner of postman-like faults; and Sam, when applying for employers, made a most successful canvass, and for a week performed miracles of punctuality. At the end of that time he began to commit, with far greater vigour than his predecessor, Thomas Hearne, the several sins for which that worthy had been discarded. On Tuesday he forgot to call for the bag in the evening; on Wednesday he omitted to bring it in the morning; on Thursday he never made his appearance at all; on Friday his employers gave him warning; and on Saturday they turned him off. So ended this hopeful experiment.

Still, however, he continued to travel the country in various capacities. First, he carried a tray of casts; then a basket of Staffordshire ware; then he cried cherries; then he joined a troop of ruddle-men,

and came about redder than a red Indian; then he sported a barrel-organ, a piece of mechanism of no small pretensions, having two sets of puppets on the top, one girls waltzing, the other soldiers at drill; then he drove a knife-grinder's wheel; then he led a bear and a very accomplished monkey; then he escorted a celebrated company of dancing dogs; and then, for a considerable time, during which he took a trip to India and back, we lost sight of him.

He reappeared, however, at B. Fair, where one year he was showman to the Living Skeleton, and the next a performer in the tragedy of the Edinburgh Murders, as exhibited every half-hour at the price of a penny to each person. Sam showed so much talent for melodrame, that we fully expected to find him following his new profession, which would have the advantage of the change of place and of character which his habits required; and on his being again, for several months, an absentee, had little doubt but he had been promoted from a booth to a barn, and even began to look for his name amongst a party of five strollers, three men and two women, who issued play-bills at Aberleigh, and performed tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, and pantomime, with all the degrees and compounds thereof described by Polonius, in the great room at the Rose, divided for the occasion into a row of chairs called the Boxes, at a shilling per seat, and two of benches called the Pit, at sixpence. I even suspected that a Mr. Theodore Fitzhugh, the genius of the company,

might be Sam Page fresh christened. But I was mistaken. Sam, when I saw him again, and mentioned my suspicion, pleaded guilty to a turn for the drama; he confessed that he liked acting of all things, especially tragedy, "it was such fun." But there was a small obstacle to his pursuit of the histrionic art—the spoken drama: our poor friend could not read. To use his own words, "he was no scholar;" and, on recollecting certain small aberrations which had occurred during the three days that he carried the letter-bag, and professed to transact errands, such as the mis-delivery of notes, and the non-performance of written commissions, we were fain to conclude that, instead of having, as he expressed it, "somehow or other got rid of his learning," learning was a blessing which Sam had never possessed, and that a great luminary was lost to the stage simply from the accident of not knowing his alphabet.

Instead of being, as we had imagined, ranting in Richard, or raving in Lear, our unlucky hero had been amusing himself by making a voyage to the West Indies, and home by the way of America, having had some thoughts of honouring the New World by making it the scene of his residence, or rather of his peregrinations; and a country where the whole population seems moveable, would, probably, have suited him: but the yellow fever seized him, and pinned him fast at the very beginning of his North American travels; and, sick and weary, he returned to England, determined, as he said, "to take a room and live respectably."

The apartment on which he fixed was, as I have intimated, an outhouse belonging to Mrs. Dinah Forde, in which he took up his abode the beginning of last summer, with his two ferrets, harmless, foreign-looking things, (no native English animal has so outlandish an appearance as the ferret, with its long limber body, its short legs, red eyes, and ermine-looking fur,) of whose venom, gentle as they looked, he was wont to boast amain; four little dogs, of every variety of mongrel ugliness, whose eminence in the same quality nobody could doubt, for one had lost an eye in battle, and one an ear, the third halted in his fore quarters, and the fourth limped behind; and a jay of great talent and beauty, who turned his pretty head this way and that, and bent and bowed most courteously when addressed, and then responded in words equally apt and courteous to all that was said to him. Mrs. Dinah Forde fell in love with that jay at first sight; borrowed him of his master, and hung him at one side of her door, where he soon became as famous all through the parish as the talking bird in the Arabian tales, or the parrot Vert-vert, immortalized by Gresset.

Sam's own appearance was as rat-catcher-like, I had almost said as venomous, as that of his retinue. His features sharper than ever, thin, and worn, and sallow, yet arch and good-humoured withal; his keen eye and knowing smile, his pliant active figure, and the whole turn of his equipment, from the shabby straw hat to the equally shabby long gaiters, told

his calling almost as plainly as the sharp heads of the ferrets, which were generally protruded from the pockets of his shabby jean jacket, or the bunch of dead rats with which he was wont to parade the streets of B. on a market-day. He seemed, at last, to have found his proper vocation; and having stuck to it for four or five months, with great success and reputation, there seemed every chance of his becoming stationary at Aberleigh.

In his own profession his celebrity was, as I have said, deservedly great. The usual complaint against rat-catchers, that they take care not to ruin the stock, that they are sure to leave breeders enough, could not be applied to Sam; who, poor fellow, never was suspected of forethought in his life; and who, in this case, had evidently too much delight in the chase himself, to dream of checking or stopping it, whilst there was a rat left unslain. On the contrary, so strong was the feeling of his sportsmanship, and that of his poor curs, that one of his grand operations, on the taking in of a wheat-rick, for instance, or the clearing out of a barn, was sure to be attended by all the idle boys and unemployed men in the village,—by all, in short, who, under the pretence of helping, could make an excuse to their wives, their consciences, or the parish-officers. The grand batteau, on emptying Farmer Brookes's great barn, will be long remembered in Aberleigh; there was more noise made, and more beer drunk, than on any occasion since the happy marriage of Miss Phœbe

and the patten-maker; it even emulated the sports and the tipsiness of the B. election—and that 's a bold word! The rats killed were in proportion to the din—and that is a bold word too! I am really afraid to name the number, it seemed to myself, and would appear to my readers, so incredible. Sam and Farmer Brookes were so proud of the achievement, that they hung the dead game on the lower branches of the great oak outside the gate, after the fashion practised by mole-catchers, to the unspeakable consternation of a cockney cousin of the good farmer's, a very fine lady, who had never in her life before been out of the sound of Bow bell, and who, happening to catch sight of this portentous crop of acorns in passing under the tree, caused her husband, who was driving her, to turn the gig round, and, notwithstanding remonstrance and persuasion, and a most faithful promise that the boughs should be dismantled before night, could not be induced to set foot in a place where the trees were, to use her own words, "so heathenish," and betook herself back to her own domicile on Snow-hill, in great and evident perplexity as to the animal or vegetable quality of the oak in question.*

Another cause of the large assemblage at Sam's

* Moles are generally, and rats occasionally, strung on willows when killed; not much to the improvement of the beauty of the scenery. I don't know any thing that astounds a Londoner more than the sight of a tree bearing such fruit. The plum-pudding tree, whereof mention is made in the pleasant and veracious travels of the Baron Munchausen, could not appear more completely a *lusus naturæ*.

rat-hunts was, besides the certainty of good sport, the eminent popularity of the leader of the chase. Sam was a universal favourite. He had good-fellowship enough to conciliate the dissipated, and yet stopped short of the license which would have disgusted the sober,—was pleasant-spoken, quick, lively, and intelligent,—sang a good song, told a good story, and had a kindness of temper, and a lightness of heart, which rendered him a most exhilarating and coveted companion to all in his own station. He was, moreover, a proficient in country games; and so eminent at cricket especially, that the men of Aberleigh were no sooner able, from his residence in the parish, to count him amongst their eleven, than they challenged their old rivals, the men of Hinton, and beat them forthwith.

Two nights before the return match, Sam, shabbier even than usual, and unusually out of spirits, made his appearance at the house of an old Aberleigh cricketer, still a patron and promoter of that noble game, and the following dialogue took place between them:

"Well, Sam, we are to win this match?"

"I hope so, please your honour. But I 'm sorry to say I shan't be at the winning of it."

"Not here, Sam! What, after rattling the stumps about so gloriously last time, won't you stay to finish them now? Only think how those Hinton fellows will crow! You must stay over Wednesday."

"I can't, your honour. 'Tis not my fault. But, here, I've had a lawyer's letter on the part of Mrs. Forde, about the trifle of rent, and a bill that I owe her; and if I'm not off to-night, Heaven knows what she'll do with me!"

"The rent—that can't be much. Let's see if we can't manage"—

"Aye, but there's a longish bill, sir," interrupted Sam. "Consider, we are seven in family."

"Seven!" interrupted, in his turn, the other interlocutor.

"Aye, sir, counting the dogs and the ferrets, poor beasts! for, I suppose, she has not charged for the jay's board, though 'twas that unlucky bird made the mischief."

"The jay! What could he have to do with the matter? Dinah used to be as fond of him as if he had been her own child! and I always thought Dinah Forde a good-natured woman."

"So she is, in the main, your honour," replied Sam, twirling his hat, and looking half shy and half sly, at once knowing and ashamed. "So she is, in the main; but this, somehow, is a particular sort of an affair. You must know, sir," continued Sam, gathering courage as he went on, "that at first the widow and I were very good friends, and several of these articles which are charged in the bill, such as milk for the ferrets, and tea and lump-sugar, and young onions for myself, I verily thought were meant as presents; and so I do believe, at the time, she did

mean them. But, howsoever, Jenny Dobbs, the nursery maid at the Hall (a pretty black-eyed lass perhaps your honour may have noticed her walking with the children), she used to come out of an evening like to see us play cricket, and then she praised my bowling, and then I talked to her, and so at last we began to keep company; and the jay, owing, I suppose, to hearing me say so sometimes, began to cry out "Pretty Jenny Dobbs!"

"Well, and this affronted the widow?"

"Past all count, your honour. You never saw a woman in such a tantrum. She declared I had taught the bird to insult her, and posted off to Lawyer Latitat. And here I have got this letter threatening to turn me out, and put me in gaol, and what not, from the lawyer; and Jenny, a false-hearted jade, finding how badly matters are going with me, turns round and says, that she never meant to have me, and is going to marry the French valet, (Sir John's French valet,) a foreigner and a papist, who may have a dozen wives before for any thing she can tell. These women are enough to drive a man out of his senses!" And poor Sam gave his hat a mighty swing, and looked likely to cry from a mixture of grief, anger, and vexation. "These women are enough to drive a man mad!" reiterated Sam, with increased energy.

"So they are, Sam," replied his host, administering a very efficient dose of consolation, in the shape of a large glass of Cognac brandy; which, in

spite of its coming from his rival's country, Sam swallowed with hearty good-will. "So they are. But Jenny 's not worth fretting about: she 's a poor feckless thing after all, fitter for a Frenchman than an Englishman. If I were you, I would make up to the widow: she 's a person of property, and a fine comely woman into the bargain. Make up to the widow, Sam; and drink another glass of brandy to your success!"

And Sam followed both pieces of advice. He drank the brandy, and he made up to the widow, the former part of the prescription probably inspiring him with courage to attempt the latter; and the lady was propitious, and the wedding speedy: and the last that I heard of them was, the jay's publishing the banns of marriage, under a somewhat abridged form, from his cage at the door of Mrs. Dinah's shop, (a proceeding at which she seemed, outwardly, scandalised; but over which it may be suspected she chuckled inwardly, or why not have taken in the cage?) and the French valet's desertion of Jenny Dobbs, whom he, in his turn, jilted; and the dilemma of Lawyer Latitat, who found himself obliged to send in his bill for the threatening letter to the identical gentleman to whom it was addressed. For the rest, the cricket match was won triumphantly, the wedding went off with great *eclât*, and our accomplished rat-catcher is, we trust, permanently fixed in our good village of Aberleigh.

STANZAS.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

In early days, and distant lands,—
  Ere fancy spread her golden wing,
And, like the cuckoo, from our lands
  Departed with the spring,—
I woo'd her visions in the shade
  Of forest bough and leafy bower,
In beauty as they rose array'd
  Upon the dreamy hour:

Or, guided by the streamlet's glance
  Emerging from the woodlands brown,
Amidst each glade of lone romance,
  And haunt of grey renown;
And by the dim declining wall
  Of castles clasp'd with ivy leaves,
Beneath the soft and silent fall
  Of pale autumnal eves.

But sweetest seem'd the scene to me,
  When rose the moon broad-orb'd and bright,
With beacon blazing o'er the sea,
  Silvering the silent night,
Soon peopled with a glorious host—
  A wilderness of worlds,—a theme
'Mid which the soaring soul was lost
  In adoration's dream.

And thus, when pleasure's visions, born
Of youth's gay spring-time, cease to shine;
And pleasure's lark-like song of morn
Cheers not our calm decline,—
Shall not our evening's darkening skies
A brighter-beaming heaven display,—
And wake the holier harmonies
Of hope, unheard by day?

SLEEP'S PHANTASY.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

I HAD a deep and pleasant sleep,
And such a dream of joy I dreamt,
If I such mood awake could keep,
My life would be from pain exempt;
And this dull land of weary hours,
Would be a paradise of flowers.

An aged man with hoary hair,
Beside a cheerful hearth was seated,
With children sporting round his chair,
Whose rosy cheeks with play were heated;
And one had clomb, and on his knee
Was placed, as pleased as child could be.

I thought I knew that old man's face,
Yet marvell'd he should seem so old,
And deem'd I in the child could trace
Something that of resemblance told;

Yet seem'd a lady, near him placed,
With yet a stronger likeness graced.

Methought ten years had posted by,
  For, too, the eldest boy seem'd ten;
The fire had left the old man's eye,
  Nor was his frame so stout as then;
I look'd on him and on the child,
And knew the grandsire when he smiled.

He was a frank warm-hearted man,
  And I that smile had often met;
Nor, though he now was weak and wan,
  Could I what he had been forget;
For I his only girl had woo'd,
And won—and then sad change ensued.

Methought the lady's face was glad,
  And one that, years gone by, I knew;
The children all her features had,—
  Her vermeil cheeks, and eyes of blue;
And I was startled—for one came
And call'd me sire, and named my name.

Then look'd I on the brow of each,
  And could in part my likeness see;
And in their hair, and in their speech,
  I thought they all resembled me;
Then to the mother's eye I turn'd,
And knew the one—loved—lost and mourn'd.



HOPE AND LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF LILLIAN.

One day, through Fancy's telescope,
Which is my richest treasure,
I saw, dear Susan, Love and Hope
Set out in search of Pleasure:
All mirth and smiles I saw them go;
Each was the other's banker;
For Hope took up her brother's bow,
And Love, his sister's anchor.

They rambled on o'er vale and hill,
They passed by cot and tower;
Through summer's glow and winter's chill,
Through sunshine and through shower:
But what did those fond playmates care
For climate, or for weather?
All scenes to them were bright and fair,
On which they gazed together.

Sometimes they turned aside to bless
Some Muse and her wild numbers,
Or breathe a dream of holiness
On Beauty's quiet slumbers;
"Fly on," said Wisdom, with cold sneers;
"I teach my friends to doubt you;"
"Come back," said Age, with bitter tears,
"My heart is cold without you."

When Poverty beset their path,
And threatened to divide them,
They coaxed away the beldame's wrath,
Ere she had breath to chide them,
By vowing all her rags were silk,
And all her bitters, honey,
And showing taste for bread and milk,
And utter scorn of money.

They met stern Danger in their way,
Upon a ruin seated;
Before him kings had quaked that day,
And armies had retreated:
But he was robed in such a cloud,
As Love and Hope came near him,
That though he thundered long and loud,
They did not see or hear him.

A grey-beard joined them, Time by name;
And Love was nearly crazy,
To find that he was very lame,
And also very lazy:
Hope, as he listened to her tale,
Tied wings upon his jacket;
And then they far outran the mail,
And far outsailed the packet.

And so, when they had safely passed
O'er many a land and billow,
Before a grave they stopped at last,
Beneath a weeping willow:

The moon upon the humble mound
Her softest light was flinging;
And from the thickets all around
Sad nightingales were singing.

" I leave you here," quoth father Time,
As hoarse as any raven;
And Love kneeled down to spell the rhyme
Upon the rude stone graven:
But Hope looked onward, calmly brave;
And whispered, " Dearest brother,
We're parted on this side the grave,—
We'll meet upon the other."

TWO SONNETS

IMITATED FROM CARLO MARIA MAGGI.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.

I.

Rests of the wearied soul! ye woods, and burns,
Breezes, and shores, and meads, and lawns, and groves,—
Where still, from it's dark lot, to ancient loves
My harass'd mind with fond remembrance turns:
Home of the wise and good! it's safe sojourns,
In your dear slopes my shipwreck'd spirit proves!
Oh! what soft solace, as he onward roves,
Your soothing stillness sheds on him that mourns!

Here, Poverty and Innocence allied,
  Through paths less rugged, as I toil beneath,
  To tranquil goal my cheerful footsteps guide;
Here learn I, as 'mid humblest scenes I breathe,
  How life to strip of its false gauds of pride,
  How wrench his terrors from the hand of Death.

II.

The innocent genius of this quiet spot
  To wonted peace my sinking soul restores,
  While, by it's brook, and lawn, and silent hours,
  Heart, Mind, and Sense, are heal'd, and blest, and taught.
'Mid such still scenes the Heart rejects vain thought,
  And Sense her temples wreathes with holiest flowers;
  And Mind presides, and reverently adores
  And loves the God whose hand these wonders wrought.
The hamlet here enjoys, exempt from care,
  It's chaunted acorns and it's age of gold,—
  Bliss, in the fever'd city's haunts, how rare!
Their vital beams here opening heavens unfold—
  Nature, in thine own lustre bright, how fair!
  Soul, how sublime, in thine own freedom bold!

DELICIÆ MARIS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

ONCE, when I was a thoughtless child,
I sate beneath a tree,
Beside a little running stream,
And a mariner sate by me;
And thus he spake:—"For seventy years
I've sail'd upon the sea.

"Thou thinkest that the earth is fair,
And full of strange delight;
Yon little brook that murmurs by,
Is glorious in thy sight.

"Thou callest yon poor butterfly
A very marvellous thing,
And listen'st, in a fond amaze,
When the morning lark doth sing.

"Thou speak'st as if God only made
Valley, and hill, and tree;
Yet I blame thee not, thou simple child!
Wise men have spoke like thee.

"But glorious are the ocean-fields,—
On land you're trammell'd round;
On the right, and on the left likewise,
Doth lie forbidden ground.

"But the ocean-fields are free to all,
Where'er they list to go,
With the heavens above, and round about,
And the wide, wide sea below.

"Oh! it gladdeneth much my very soul
The smallest ship to see;
For I know, where'er a sail is spread,
God speaketh audibly.

"Up to the north,—the polar north,
With the whalers did I go,
'Mong the mountains of eternal ice,
To the land of the thawless snow.

"We were hemmed in by icy rocks,
The strength of man was vain;
But at once the arm of God was shown,
The rocks were rent in twain!

"The sea was parted for Israel,
The great Red Sea, of yore,
And Moses, and the Hebrew race,
In joy went, dry-shod, o'er.

"And a miracle as great was wrought
For us in the polar sea,
When the rocks were rent, from peak to base,
And our southern course was free!

"Yet, amid those seas so wild and stern,
Where man hath left no trace,

The sense of God came down to us,
As in a holy place.

"Great kings have piled up pyramids,
And built them temples grand;
But the sublimest temple far
Is in yon northern land.

"Its pillars are of the adamant,
By a thousand winters hew'd;
Its priests are the awful silence,
And the ancient solitude!

"And then we sail'd to the tropic seas,
That are like crystal clear;
Thou wilt marvel much, thou little child,
Their glorious things to hear.

"I have looked down to those ocean depths,
Many thousand fathoms low,
And seen, like woods of mighty oak,
The trees of coral grow:—

"The red, the green, and the beautiful
Pale-branch'd like the chrysolite,
Which, amid the sun-lit waters, spread
Their flowers intensely bright.

"Some, they were like the lily of June,
Or the rose of Fairy-land,
Or as if some poet's glorious thought
Had inspired a sculptor's hand.

"And then the million creatures bright
That, sporting, went and came!
Heaven knows, but I think in Paradise
It must have been the same:—

"When 'neath the trees that God had set,
The land was free to all;
When the lion gamboll'd with the kid,
The great ones with the small.

"There are no wastes of burning sand,
There's neither heat nor cold;
And there doth spring the diamond mine,
There flow the veins of gold.

"There, with the divers of the East,
Who down in those depths have been,
I've conversed of the marvels strange,
And the glories they had seen.

"And they say, each one, not halls of kings
With the ocean-caves can vie,
With the untrod caves of the carbuncle,
Where the great sea-treasures lie.

"And well I wot it must be so:
Man parteth evermore
The miser-treasures of the earth;
The sea hath all its store.

"Then, I've cross'd the Line full fifteen times,
And down in the southern sea
I've seen the whales, like bounding lambs,
Leap up,—the strong, the free:—

"Leap up, the creatures that God had made,
To people the isleless main;
They have no bridle in their jaws,
And on their necks no rein.

"But, my little child, thou sittest here,
Still gazing on yon stream,
And the wondrous things that I have told
To thee are as a dream;—

"But to me they are as living thoughts,
And well I understand,
Why the sublimest sea is still
More glorious than the land:

"For when at first the world awoke
From its primeval sleep;
Not on the land the Spirit of God
Did move, but on the deep!"

SONG.

Not when with Spring's young birth
Rock and plain glisten;
Not when to sounds of mirth
Earth's valleys listen;
Not when the river winds,
Bright meads adorning;
Nor when the lark awakes
Summer's fair morning:—

Not when the solemn wave
  Silence is keeping;
And the light cloud above
  Tranquilly sleeping,—
Shall thy pale smile be nigh,
  Vision endearing,
And thy still fancied voice
  Fall on my hearing.

But when the autumn blast
  Deeply bewaileth;
And the leaf withers fast,
  And the flower faileth;
And the wild clouds are seen,
  Mixt in commotion;
And the loud billow breaks,
  Thundering from ocean:—

Then shall thy form arise,
  Shrined in my numbers,
And those long-shaded eyes
  Gaze on my slumbers;
Then is the time to wake
  Thoughts vainly cherish'd,
And, with the winds, to make
  Moan for the perish'd.

J. F. Hollings.

THE BLEEDING HAND!!!

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CASTILIAN."

I HAVE never yet told a ghost story, and I think it is high time to begin; so I pray my readers, if I happen to have any, to prepare for one of the most frightfully interesting narratives that ever merited attention, and which would, no doubt, be coveted by any standard dealer in horrors of the German school.

My good friends, (an author has a right to address his readers by this familiar title,) stir the fire, shut close the windows and doors, snuff the candles, and draw your chairs near the chimney—a little more—that will do. Let now the elders of the family cross legs, and establish themselves comfortably in their *fauteuils*, invite the cat to stretch himself at full length on the rug, blow your noses, and keep as silent as you possibly can. Now for it—hem!

Once upon a time, being afflicted with a fit of spleen, I resolved to give an elderly friend the benefit of my company; for I make it a point always to oblige my friends to the best of my power. This friend, whom I shall call Don Lesmes, lived in retirement, in an ancient mansion in Old Castile: he was a bachelor, but kept a large establishment; for, besides a widow sister and her two daughters, who were permanent inmates, or rather fixtures of

the place, the good Don Lesmes was, over and above, afflicted with as formidable a supply of nephews, cousins, and other relations, in every possible degree, as ever it fell to the lot of any rich old bachelor to be infested with. With regard to him, he was an eccentric, but full of the milk of human-kindness; and, provided his sister could contrive not to contradict him above a dozen times per day, and that his dinners were to his taste, and provided also that the gout did not show an attachment for his foot more than three or four months in the year, the good old Don was sure to let things go as easily as could be desired.

Don Lesmes was an inveterate retailer of stories; and in his stock, it is proper to announce, he had abundance of those relating to ghosts, spectres, goblins, &c. For all that he esteemed himself a philosopher,—a title which none of those by whom he was habitually surrounded felt disposed to call in question, seeing that the concession cost them nothing, but was, on the contrary, productive of sundry comforts and good things. Not having mixed much in society in the early part of his life, and indulging now in such retired habits, it is not to be expected that there was much brilliancy in the ideas of Don Lesmes, or any particular zest in his conversation. But such things may be conscientiously accounted superfluities in a secluded old bachelor, whose only earthly business it was to eat, drink, and sleep, doze and gape, then yawn and

look thoughtful, complain of the gout, or congratulate himself upon his recovery; hear and tell stories, say his prayers, and provide a suitable defence against repeated invasions from his over-anxious and loving kindred.

The Don's sister had, if possible, a still more valuable collection of ghost stories; and her manner of offering her specimens was decidedly superior to her brother's: for she invariably exhibited a thorough conviction of what she was relating; whereas the philosophic Don Lesmes, though possessing a most capacious swallow, could not indiscriminately digest all the ghosts, vampires, imps, and other supernatural elfs, that were regularly served up during the long evenings of the winter season.

Having thus presented a sort of introduction, I will now proceed to narrate the adventure which has afforded a title to this true story.

When I arrived at my old friend's residence it was already dusk, and I found the household assembled at prayers. Don Lesmes received me very cordially; but, *horresco referens*, before I had time to look about me, I was unmercifully assailed by the female tongues of the party, who, in a breath, began to put a multiplicity of questions. I endured, patiently, the thousand little torments which a man, who is at all related to the *irritabile genus*, is sure to undergo, from the excessive kindness of ladies of a certain cast; and I put the best face possible on the harassing predicament of having

to satisfy three most inveterate querists of the feminine gender. I then begged that the conversation might proceed.

"Well, my young friend," said Don Lesmes, smiling, "you come just in time to hear one of the most extraordinary stories that ever excited astonishment and wonder."

"A ghost story, no doubt?" observed I.

"Holy St. Joseph!" quoth Donna Martha, the sister; "you know, brother, that Don T. is as incredulous as an infidel: he will, therefore, be but indifferently interested in this marvellous event."

"Nay, nay, you wrong me, Senora: I am not so stubborn an unbeliever as you please to make out: so let me have the story by all means."

Every countenance was suddenly invested with a due proportion of gravity, and the eyes of the audience were riveted on Donna Martha, who undertook the more arduous task of narrator. The good lady then, in a very mysterious manner, began.

"You must know, Senor, that several of our tenants have been of late bewildered and horrified by a most appalling vision."

"Some fearful spectre," said I; "a man without a head—a huge monster—a fiery dragon—a—"

"Nothing of the sort, sir," interrupted Donna Martha; "but an object a thousand times more strange and terrific."

"Indeed! What is it, in the name of wonder?"

"Could you imagine such a prodigy?—a bleeding hand! Aye, sir, a bleeding hand!"

"A bleeding hand! Heaven defend us!—and how does that particle of a *ghost* contrive to ramble, at night, without the other component parts necessary to make a proper spectre?"

"You need not treat the matter with such levity; for the fact has been strongly corroborated, and proved by several individuals, deserving implicit trust. The bleeding hand has now made its appearance above a dozen times. Once it was seen hanging on a tree, distilling blood; and not unfrequently it is perceived waving, and moving along the air, and then suddenly disappears."

At this part of the story, I could not restrain a cachinnatory impulse, and I burst into one of the loudest, and indeed most unbecoming, fits of laughter, considering that I was in the company of ladies. This want of decorum naturally gave great offence to the female narrator, who lost no time in pursing up her mouth, and seemed heroically resolved not to say a word more of the singular apparition. I begged pardon, and beseeched, and coaxed, and complimented; but all my efforts to conciliate the offended lady proved in vain. I was doomed to obtain no further information concerning the bleeding hand, at least that night. Perceiving, therefore, that my curiosity was to remain unsatisfied, I began very philosophically to prose away on the folly of indulging a belief in ghosts, and the like superstitious fancies. No doubt I uttered many remarkably wise and profound things, for no one attempted to con-

tradict me; and such was the power of my eloquence, that I succeeded in setting half my audience to sleep, which I take to be one of the most convincing proofs of the powers of oratory. It was now waxing late, and I humbly conceived it would be desirable to procure for myself what I had so generously bestowed on my hearers. I was getting drowsy: Don Lesmes received a friendly hint, from a gentle yawn, of my soporific intentions. He left the room for a few moments,—returned, and invited me to proceed to my sleeping chamber. I obeyed the summons with pleasure; and, preceded by a servant, who carried a light, I was conducted to a large apartment on the second floor, that looked amazingly like a favourite haunt of nocturnal ghostly perambulators. I muttered something or other concerning the bleeding hand; but my guide did not seem to relish the joke: for he shook his head, and went away with every sign of fear and alarm.

I got into bed, and composed myself to sleep, by sundry reflections on the topic of our preceding conversation. I had always been a staunch disbeliever in the power of spirits to come and molest their acquaintance in this world. I could never persuade my mind to admit the possibility of the existence of such things, even when they appeared invested with a semblance of probability. It is not strange I should treat the account of the bleeding hand as absurd in the highest degree. Gradually my eyes closed, and I fell asleep. My slumber

was, however, of short duration: I awoke suddenly, fancying that something had fallen on my face. I imagined that some person was in the room; and, in this persuasion, called out several times; but no one answered. I then supposed that I had been dreaming, and again composed myself to rest; but scarcely had a minute elapsed, when I felt something or other softly touching my face. This time, at least, I could not be deceived: I was wide awake, and a fearful idea came across my mind, that the object which had excited my surprise was a hand. I immediately convened my wandering thoughts to council, and began to deliberate on the probable motive of the liberties taken with my face; but I could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. In the interim, the ceremony was repeated, and I got out of humour; for the thing began to assume a rather unpleasing aspect. I now resolved to keep myself awake, and ready to seize the person who had undertaken to amuse himself at my expense; for I could not yet bring my mind to acquiesce in the agency of a supernatural being. Persuaded, therefore, that my tormentor was a solid mass of flesh and blood, and no airy phantom, the better to entice the joker, I attempted a gentle snore, which, considering the state I was in, I conceived remarkably well performed. As I had anticipated, the visitation on my unoffending face was repeated. I could endure it no longer, but sprang suddenly from bed, with outstretched hands, to catch the pretended

ghost; but, instead of him, or her, or it, I only caught—a cold. I was soon convinced that there was no person in the room; and this certitude tended considerably to diminish my contempt for believers in ghosts.

In this perplexing mood I began to speculate; but the more I reflected, the more was I puzzled and surprised. My meditations were, however, soon cut short by another intimation like the above. In an impulse of mixed anger, curiosity, and amazement, I put forward my hand; when lo! to my indescribable horror, I felt a cold one come in contact with mine. My heart seemed benumbed with affright! I was frozen in a sort of unnatural stupor! The bleeding hand was suspended over my head: I touched it, and a thrilling chill shot through all my veins. To whom did this frightful hand belong? This was, indeed, a question not easily solved: in my confusion and incoherence of thought, I even expected that some one would soon appear to reclaim the loathsome object of my terror. I drew aside the bed curtains, and looked anxiously towards the window, when, by the dim glimmer of the moon, I fancied that I saw a tall spectre, enveloped in a long black garment, standing close to the wall, and near the window. This, then, I concluded to be the owner of the hand; but there was a circumstance that bewildered me prodigiously: the spectre was at a distance of at least fourteen or sixteen feet, which might be the length of the room; and how,

in the name of all that's wonderful, could he reach so far with his arm? Here was matter enough to harass and perplex the most abstruse philosopher. An arm fourteen feet in length, I thought certainly somewhat out of proportion. I betook myself to profound thinking, but I almost despaired of reconciling such seeming absurdity, when a fortunate idea came across my mind to solve the difficulty. This said fortunate idea made me come to the satisfactory conclusion, that the spectre I saw standing by the wall was that of Artaxerxes; for he was, indeed, the only historical personage whom I could recollect as having claims to such superabundance of arm. This solution satisfied me for a moment; but a crowd of doubts came again to disturb my wise reflections. What earthly motive could induce Artaxerxes to revisit the world, after a lapse of so many centuries since he had left it? And why should he come all the way from Persia, in order to make his ghostly appearance in an old retired mansion in Spain? Besides, what connexion could there exist between him and myself? None at all. Why, then, should he select me to bestow upon me the favour of a fright? I was not conscious of having done him any wrong: my acquaintance with him had been exceedingly slight; it had been a school acquaintance at most, and I had long since dropt it, as we generally do school acquaintances: from the time I left school I never troubled my head about him, or his brother Cyrus either. It was, therefore, a peculiarly hard case

that I should be disturbed in my sleep by his lengthy arm.

These speculations went nigh to overturn my belief that the bleeding hand really belonged to Artaxerxes; but again, if it did not belong to Artaxerxès, to whom, in the name of wonder, could it possibly belong? In this perplexity I again put out my hand, and again it came in contact with the horrible bleeding one of Artaxerxes. My fears were confirmed; and, in my nervous agitation, I gave a gentle pull; and, oh! horror! the bleeding hand came off and fell on my bed! My feelings, at that moment, cannot possibly be described. I lay overpowered, as if by an unnatural spell; a shudder crept over all my body; the current of life seemed stagnant, and refused to flow. I had neither the power to think, to move, nor to feel; for I really felt nothing but a frightful apathy,—a state of body and mind that was certainly foreign to human nature. I made an effort to collect my thoughts; but I found myself bereaved of the power of indulging the most noble attribute of man. I attempted to move—I could not: some irresistible spell seemed to bind me fast to my bed, and to the posture in which I lay. A few minutes elapsed; and, the first over-powering stupor having subsided, my affright and agony of mind increased. I was perfectly sure that a hand—the bleeding hand—lay beside me; and the conviction created a chaos of wild thoughts, and doubts, and fears. I closed my eyes, and endeavoured to court

sleep; but my endeavours were fruitless. The frightful hand, distilling blood, stood before me; and all my limbs seemed oppressed by a supernatural nightmare.

After an hour of extreme agony, exhausted nature sank into an unearthly, heavy, unrefreshing slumber, more painful, in sooth, than any waking torments. The most dismal visions revelled, in all the paraphernalia of horror, in that short but racking trance. I awoke with a start: my pulse feverish—my heart throbbing—my brain burning—and every limb steeped in the dews of affright; but the bleeding hand pursued me still. Despite of all my efforts, I could not, for a moment, forget the idea of that horrible bed-fellow: I essayed a thousand plans to drive the freezing image from my imagination: I carefully collected my thoughts, and strove to fix them upon objects, the beauty and loveliness of which might counterbalance the horror produced by the bleeding hand. I wooed my fancy to revel in scenes of voluptuous enchantment: I thought of the splendour, the excitement of the crowded ball-room; but, in the midst of my fancied revelry and gaiety, the bleeding hand of Artaxerxes, with its horrid fingers outspread, soon began to dance on air, and suddenly brought the magic fabric to the ground. I next fixed my agitated thoughts on the lovely image of Dalmira. I rehearsed, in my fevered mind, the scenes of gone-by happiness. Methought I saw her softly reclining on a sofa,—her beau-

teous mouth wreathed with the smiles of joy,—her melting eyes beaming with the fires of affection. In a transport of delight I seized her yielding hand, and with vivid eagerness drew it to my lips; when, oh, horror! that soft, that delicate hand, was instantaneously changed to the loathsome and terrific bleeding object that lay beside me. I next thought on Imara's hand, and Lesbina's, and Flora's;—in fine, I passed in review before my imagination every pretty hand, and foot also, with which I had been acquainted. Nay, I threw into the balance exceedingly beautiful eyes, noses, teeth, lips, chins, brows, and sundry other nameless female charms; but all this superb collection of features availed me nothing. In vain did I assemble before my mind as fine an exhibition of human beauties as ever did honour to the chisel of Phidias, or the pencil of Raphael. Neither brilliant black eyes, nor melting blue ones; Grecian noses, nor Roman chins; English complexions, nor Spanish feet; were forces enough to resist the mental persecution of the bleeding hand. It was excessively provoking that so many beauties should be put out of countenance by a single ugly limb; but the power of ugliness is greater than people generally are aware of. Thus it was in the present instance. The pleasing images created by Dalmira, Imara, and other beauties, had been completely routed by the fist of Artaxerxes. Female charms, and loveliness, and merit, had not been able to efface the horrid impression which I

then felt; but yet, in honour of justice, I must declare that, at the time, I had not the happiness of knowing ———, or the case would have been widely different.

Despairing, therefore, of being able, by any efforts, to dispel the abominable thing by which I was persecuted, I lay in a painful struggle, making many a vow, and uttering many a fervent prayer, for the arrival of morning; but I do not suppose that my prayers were heard by Aurora, as she showed herself remarkably lazy in making her appearance. At length the first rays of the dawn began faintly and gradually to illumine the apartment. I hailed the still dim light with feelings of heartfelt pleasure and deep gratitude. But another appalling idea rose quickly to my mind: How should I muster courage enough to withstand, undaunted and unshaken, the first sight of my frightful bedfellow? Though not in any manner subject to convulsions, and though I do not remember having had in my life a fainting fit, or indeed any fit at all, save and except a fit of passion, or a fit of good-humour, I yet was uncertain whether I should be able to preserve a competent composure on the present most awful and trying occasion. I was going to see the terrible bleeding hand;—nay, I was by this time literally soaked in the blood, which, no doubt, the digital apparatus of the Persian prince had been distilling all the night.

At length there was sufficient light in the room

to make every object in it distinctly visible. The horror-fraught yet anxiously expected moment was arrived: I summoned all my resolution to the task. I was going to encounter an object more tremendous than a long battery ready to let fire. Yes, that single, nerveless, squalid, decaying hand, was to me more awful than threescore of vigorous ones, fiercely grasping as many swords. Boldly, then, I resolved to turn round, and meet at once my antagonist and persecutor; for it is far preferable suddenly to face any evil, than to suffer redoubled torments by procrastination. Acting upon this principle, like a man determined to take a fearful leap from a precipice, or desperately to plunge amidst the roaring waves, with one quick, mighty, force-collecting start, I turned me on the other side of my bed, and fixed my determined eyes daringly, so as to show that bleeding particle my little apprehension of its horrors. I soon perceived that the appalling incident I have been relating was not a chimera of the brain, a self-created being of a fevered fancy. No; it was a *fact*—an incontrovertible fact; for I really saw an object lying beside me strongly resembling a hand: it was a hand. The four fingers and the thumb were spread apart, no doubt, from the tension of the tendons; its hue was that of the grave, being a deadly pale, verging into disgusting yellowness. I looked intently on that monstrous, that miraculous thing. I ventured to take it into my hand, and I drew the curtains more to let the

light enter; when, lo! I perceived the bleeding hand which had obliged me to pass such an uncomfortable night was—now guess—d' ye give it up? Well, then, it was—a *glove*, stuffed with cotton! With regard to the blood in which I had fancied myself soaked, this was nothing but my own perspiration; and the spectre of my school-acquaintance Artaxerxes, by some magical process, was now converted into a long Spanish cloak, and a large hat, hanging on a peg near the window!

I quickly dressed myself and left the room, with the *soi-disant* bleeding hand in my pocket; not a little confused, however, at the foolish figure which I anticipated it would be my doom to make at the breakfast table; for I could now entertain no doubt that the eccentric Don Lesmes was the contriver of this fine conspiracy against my sleep. My suspicions were soon verified.

"Well, Don T., were you visited last night by the bleeding hand?"

"There it is," answered I, in perfect good-humour, throwing the impostor-glove on the breakfast table.

A prodigious deal of laughter ensued, in which I thought it prudent to join with a good grace; for, in such cases, it is the very wisest thing that a man can do.

And now I am afraid that a considerable portion of my readers may feel a little disappointed, and dissatisfied, with this so unromantic

a solution of so romantic and promising an adventure; but it is no fault of mine, if, instead of a glove, I did not find a bleeding hand *in propria persona:* I relate things as they happened, and I don't see any occasion for telling unnecessary *fibs;* besides, I pride myself on being a remarkable truth-teller, for a dealer in fiction. I must offer, however, a thousand apologies to my disappointed readers, if they do not find the *quantum sufficit* of horrors and *diablerie* in my true story; but let them console themselves with the idea, that the indefatigable Germans are, no doubt, industriously concocting those fine dishes, *à la Freischutz,* for their craving appetites.

A FRAGMENT.

BY A. TENNYSON, ESQ.

WHERE is the Giant of the Sun, which stood
In the midnoon the glory of old Rhodes,
A perfect Idol with profulgent brows
Farsheening down the purple seas to those
Who sailed from Mizraim underneath the star
Named of the dragon—and between whose limbs
Of brassy vastness broadblown Argosies
Drave into haven? Yet endure unscathed
Of changeful cycles the great Pyramids
Broadbased amid the fleeting sands, and sloped
Into the slumbrous summernoon; but where,

Mysterious Egypt, are thine obelisks
Graven with gorgeous emblems undiscerned?
Thy placid Sphinxes brooding o'er the Nile?
Thy shadowing Idols in the solitudes,
Awful Memnonian countenances calm
Looking athwart the burning flats, far off
Seen by the highnecked camel on the verge
Journeying southward? where thy monuments
Piled by the strong and sunborn Anakim
Over their crowned brethren ON and OPH?
Thy Memnon when his peaceful lips are kist
With earliest rays, that from his mother's eyes
Flow over the Arabian bay, no more
Breathes low into the charmed ears of morn
Clear melody flattering the crisped Nile
By columned Thebes. Old Memphis hath gone down:
The Pharaohs are no more: somewhere in death
They sleep with staring eyes and gilded lips,
Wrapped round with spiced cerements in old grots
Rockhewn and sealed for ever.

FOREIGN ALBUMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GEM.

SIR,—In my rambles over the continent, I have frequently amused myself by making extracts from the Albums kept at the more remarkable places; Chamouni, the Hermitage on Vesuvius, the Liparis, Ætna, the Simplon, the Great St. Bernard, the Rhigi, &c., all have supplied something to my collection; and those I shall send you from time to time. I have, of course, rejected the follies and mere impertinences which sometimes make their way into such folios. My chief point of selection was the descriptive turn of the lines; as the impressions formed on the spot, however unfinished in point of language, have the force that belongs to truth and nature. Many of them are in English, but the majority are in German; for the Teutons are as great travellers as their forefathers were warriors and rovers: every German sets his face towards Italy, and every step he takes is registered by his pen, in the shape of either an Essay on Geology, or a poem. Some are in Italian; for the Italians are compelled to pass the Alps, from time to time, and to know that they have a picturesque country round them and beyond them. One or two only are in French; for the Frenchman never travels, with his own consent, farther than from the Rue St. Honoré to the Porte St. Martin, and the more extended journeys are left to diplomats and smugglers—personages nearly equally literary.—For the present I limit myself to my English memoranda.

VIATOR.

A SWISS DAY.

FROM THE ALBUM OF THE INN AT ZURICH.

'TIS Dawn, lovely Dawn! and the sky is all white,
And the cattle on vale and on hill-side are lowing,
And the lake lies in vapour, half morning, half night,
And the breeze through the tops of the pine-groves
is blowing;

And the vineyards are shaking the dew from their
leaves,
And down in the valley the village roofs shine,
And the doves are all rustling their wings in the eaves,
And the Earth and the Heaven are cool, lovely,
divine.

'Tis Morning, rich Morning! The yagers are out,
And the rifles are ringing from valley to hill;
But the sun rises broad, and the horn and the shout
Sink down, till we hear but the rush of the rill;
And, far up the mountain, the roebuck's brown troop
Are seen, with the nostril spread out to the wind,
While the eagle above spreads his wings for a swoop,
And the yagers toil on thro' the forest behind.

'Tis Noon, burning Noon! and the far village spire,
And the peaks of the mountain, are arrows of flame,
And the air is a fever, the sunbeam a fire,
And the deer, like the hunter, are weary and tame;
And the yagers by fountain and pine-tree are spread,
Where the smoke of their meal curls up thro' the
trees,
And the shepherd is slumbering in chalet and shed,
And the fainting earth longs for the shower and
the breeze.

'Tis Eve, balmy Eve! and above the hush'd world,
Like a mother's red cheek o'er her soft-sleeping child,
On the East, with her pinion of crimson unfurl'd,
The twilight is stooping, sweet, dewy, and mild;

And the planet of Eve looks on mountain and lake,
  Like a centinel spirit just glancing from heaven:
Oh, thus may we life and its trials forsake,
  And the hour of our parting be calm as this Even!

NAPOLEON.

FROM THE ALBUM AT THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Upon these snows the Despot trod,
The less than man, the would-be God!
Enough; let scornful history tell
Or how he rose, or how he fell:
How with the shipwreck sinks the surge,
What fire consumes the gory scourge,
What more than man's concentred hate
Pursues the murderer to his fate.
Enough;—here trod the homicide,
Here roll'd his legion's brazen tide;
Upon this mount the thunder-cloud
Shook o'er the vales the fiery shroud,
Rush'd on the pale Italian's throne,
And blazed, till prince and priest were gone.

Still onward swept thy sanguine tide,
Till blood with blood was purified;
Till Europe own'd His mightier will,
Who bids the ocean's wrath be still.
Then came, at last, thy judgment-hour,
Burst on thy march the icy shower,

Against the banner and the mail
Uprose the blast, uprose the hail,
Till all was done, and thou a slave,
A den thy realm, thy throne a grave!

ÆTNA.

FROM THE ALBUM IN THE FRANCISCAN CONVENT AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT ÆTNA.

King of the Hills! was never king
So throned and crown'd as thou.
A hundred forests' living ring,
An ocean's azure flow,
A kingdom, make thy royal zone,
Thou King of nature's noblest throne!

Upon thy brow that white tiar
Has lain six thousand years.
First-born of time! there's not a star
In yonder heaven that rears
On midnight's brows its fiery horn,
Has seen the twilight of thy morn.

Earth's thrones have vanish'd like a dream,
Earth's mightiest sunk in dust;
Wild whirl'd down time's returnless stream,
Lyre, laurel, sceptre, bust;
Sunk all alike, heart, hope, and name:—
While thou, old king, art still the same!

Upon thy brow, Moor, Goth, and Greek,
Have fix'd the wondering eye,
Watching thy awful splendours break
Like morning on the sky;
Or trembling at the thunder-roar
From thy red heart's unfathom'd core.

There Homer from his galley gazed ;
As on the midnight tide
Along thy solemn shores it mazed :
And down thy burning side
Troop'd forms of immortality
In vision on his dazzled eye.

There, by his charger, Hannibal
Stood gazing on thy brow,
Thought of the Roman's fire-girt wall,
The Alps' embattled snow,
And saw in thy undying flame
The emblem of the hero's fame.

The turban'd son of Mahomet
Beheld thee o'er the wave !
Swore his hot lance in blood to whet,
Till Europe was a grave,
Hail'd Ætna as his battle sign,
And swept the land in flames like thine.

And there the Crown-giver, the King
Who sat on Europe's throne !

The rushing of whose Eagle's wing
Bade kingdoms be undone,
Napoleon, fix'd his infant eye,
And there learn'd all things,—but to die!

He, too, is gone, ambition-curst;
He fills an exile's grave:
But thou art glorious as at first;
Thy grove, thy purple wave,
Thy vineyard-wreath, are lovely all:
Earth's pillar; but with Earth to fall!

ON THE WRECK OF A BRIG OFF DUNWICH.

BY JAMES BIRD, ESQ.

The hurricane roar'd through the starless night;
Waves leap'd, as the mountains high;
An the sea-bird scream'd in his wild affright:
Loud rose the sailor's cry!

And when the dim morn from the lowering east
Broke o'er the storm-clad sea,
It was only to show Death's havoc-feast,
On the day of his jubilee!

I heard in that morn the dire shout of distress
Ring sharp from the parting deck;
And from Walberswick harbour to Orford ness,
The beach was strewn with wreck!

I wander'd alone on the echoing shore,
While the waves of the troubled bay,
Sent up to the heaven their angry roar,
Like madden'd beasts of prey!

And I saw, as I turn'd, the dishevell'd hair
Stream wildly on the gale;
And I heard the horrible cry of despair,
And the mother's fearful wail,—

As she rush'd, in the strength of her agony, past,
Like a wretch whose hope was gone;
And I heard her groans in the mocking blast,
And her shriek—"My son! my son!"

She knelt on the beach, and her hands on high
Were thrown; and her lips apart,
Her pallid brow, and her frantic eye,
Told the doom of a broken heart!

She gazed on the wreck that was floating near,
Where she saw, on the heaving billow,
With the scatter'd shrouds for its rocking bier,
And the foam of the sea for its pillow,—

She saw the corse of her son!—the sight
Gave a pang to her bursting heart,
That sank 'neath the withering deadly blight,
Which may come, but ne'er depart!

The next huge wave, in its giant strength,
Threw the corse at the mother's feet,

With the sea-weed wrapp'd o'er its ghastly length,
A cold, cold winding-sheet.

I saw the sad mother trembling stand—
Methinks I see her now,
As she, shuddering, slowly pass'd her hand
O'er the dead man's icy brow.

She shed no tear, and she heaved no sigh,
But she stood as though the dire
And horrible glare of his unclosed eye
Had sear'd her heart, like fire!

When the stay of our earthly joy is past,
All wreck'd on the shoal of time;
Oh! where shall the soul her anchor cast
In this world of woe and crime?

There *is* a haven, to which her bark
May steer from the tempest's strife,
And rest, as of old did the sacred ark,
On the Ararat of life!

Yes! the wounded heart must seek for health,
At a spring which faileth never;
That glideth and giveth its priceless wealth,
By the throne of God, for ever!

LA TOUR DU MARCHÉ, BERGUES.

Bergues, or Berg St. Vinox, is a fortified town situated upon the river Colne, in French Flanders. It lies to the east of Gravelines, not far from the city of Calais, and twenty leagues north-west of Douay; is a place of considerable strength, the fortifications having been constructed by the celebrated Vauban; and, from a late census, it is stated to contain 5,667 inhabitants. It is, moreover, considered a chief town of the district, licensed by the Government to conduct the public posts; has a regular office; and, from the frequency and activity of its fairs, is much resorted to by neighbouring proprietors and farmers: while its manufactories of lace, and its tanneries, tend still farther to promote the interests of trade.

Among the public buildings, its ancient church, with the market place and tower, as represented in the accompanying plate, afford the most conspicuous objects; and the first impression on the eye of the tourist is at once imposing and picturesque.

In addition to the market fairs, which are held at Bergues no less than eight times during the year, there prevails among the adjacent villages an immemorial custom of celebrating an annual festival, said to have been first introduced from France, called the "Fête of the Rose." Somewhat resembling, in the ceremonies, the feasts of our old English village greens, and most, perhaps, that of electing a Queen



of the May, it is, nevertheless, very distinct in its object and tendency. The Rose-maiden, as she is prettily designated, who is selected to wear the triumphal wreath, and to preside as queen of the day, aspires to the distinction, not by virtue of superior beauty, station, or influence in the place, but of the reputation she has acquired for filial and domestic virtues; her gentle and obliging manners; in short, for all that makes a girl favourably reported of in her native village. According to an oral tradition, one of these annual festivals was made memorable by the occurrence of some singular incidents, and as singular a discovery, hardly to be anticipated by the chief personages who figured in the humble drama.

In the year 1765, General Muffeldorf, an old campaigner in the wars of the great Frederick, arrived at his family mansion in the vicinity of Bergues. He was evidently suffering under depression of spirits, as well as a shattered frame; and he brought with him his friend Count Lindenkron, an old courtier of the Viennese school, whose merry mood marked him a rare exception to the usual line of Austrian thick lips and wits obtuse. As a preparation for cultivating the arts of peace, the General was recommended by his friend to mingle in the approaching festivities: it was the eve of the Rose-festival; and it was reported that the prize of merit would be awarded to one of the worthy Pastor's daughters. The young Evelina bore the

most enviable character: she had punctually fulfilled her every duty with unwearied gentleness and assiduity; she was beloved by all for her benevolence; she visited the poor, instructed their children, raised subscriptions, for every object of good, among the neighbouring gentry; and, always eager and enthusiastic in a right cause, she was at once the pride and the life of the hamlet.

Delighted with the account he heard, the good old General commissioned his friend to pay a visit to Evelina and the Pastor, and to offer, on his behalf, the free use of the noble lawn, and the hall itself, as the scene of the next day's election. The proposal was accordingly tendered to the ladies' committee, and accepted: the ancient courtier was enraptured with the beauty and manners of the fair candidate; and he still lingered, after performing his mission, to converse with her. He regretted that he had not yet seen the village church; and the Pastor being from home, Evelina, at her mother's request, instantly took down the keys, and offered to show him through the edifice. Expressing his gratitude in the most profuse terms, the Count attended her to the church; and, having seen every thing worthy notice, turned to depart, when, just on reaching the door, he had the temerity to offer her a salute; and the next instant found himself locked inside the church, with a parting slap of a fair hand tingling on his cheek. Here the Count had full leisure to indulge his taste for church architec-

ture, instead of drinking tea with his friend the General, who was now impatiently looking for his return; but he looked in vain. It grew dark; but no Count Lindenkron made his appearance. Meantime, in fast durance, the courtier of the old school began to feel uneasy as the shades of night advanced: he could see nothing distinctly; but what he did see, seemed very like the ghosts of deceased elders, coming out of the vaults to read him a grave lecture on the wicked gallantry of the old courts. The shadowy forms of ancient apostles appeared to be leaving their marble stations: strange noises were heard; and fancy was about to run away with him on her witch's broom. In this delectable state he had crawled to the doors, and begun to batter them, crying, at the top of his voice, "*Ghosts, and murder!*" and with so much emphasis, that the words reached the ears of the worthy Pastor, as he was jogging by, on his way home. He made a full stop. "Ghosts and murder!" he ejaculated, as he heard the words repeated,—"and in my church! —that is very shocking!—very odd!" Instead of going nearer, however, he only spurred on the faster, thinking it was of no use to examine into the cause before he had got the church keys, if he did it at all.

On entering his own door, Evelina came forward and handed him the said keys; but the Pastor involuntarily refused them, exclaiming, in an uneasy tone, "What makes you think I am going to church to-night, child?"

"You MUST go, dear father: I have a particular reason for it."

"And I may have a particular reason for not going," rejoined the Pastor; "and assuredly either you, or your mother, or our old sexton, or all of you, shall go with me: I heard strange noises as I came by."

"Yes, yes! I dare say," replied his daughter; and, taking her father's arm, she related to him what had occurred in his absence, as they went along. Greatly comforted, in one sense, the worthy Pastor thanked Heaven that matters were no worse, and hastened his steps to release the unfortunate Count.

The moment the church-door was unfastened, out bolted the captive like an arrow shot from a bow, as if pursued by a legion of demons, nor looked once behind him until he had reached the General's, who had almost given him up for lost. Swift as he had come, however, the Count had time to invent a story by the way; for he assured the General he had been locked in the church by the sexton, and quite by mistake. It passed with the good old General, who even commiserated the poor Count's mishap; while the latter secretly vowed vengeance on the fair cause of his disaster and alarm.

The morning at length appeared, and the General was first roused by the blast of a trumpet under his windows, answered by the peals of a great drum. He looked out and beheld, with astonish-

ment, the most singular company he had ever seen upon parade—literally a skeleton regiment. It consisted of about twenty old, shrivelled, broken-down soldiers—a true invalided corps, most fit for the body-guard of death. They were almost buried in their wide regimentals, old cocked hats, and huge perukes. They were armed in an equally ludicrous style, while their colours flourished in the grasp of an ugly hunch-backed little ensign. Their commander, advancing in front, mounted on a richly caparisoned donkey, answered the queries of the General, by informing him that they were a detachment of an invalided regiment at Bergues, despatched thither by the General's friend, Colonel Solmitz, to do honour to the festival, and preserve peace during the election.

"Just as well qualified for the one as the other," returned the General to the dwarfish officer; "and though I had no idea of calling out the military on this occasion, I will furnish you with some rations, for which, I suspect, you are much better prepared than for fighting: so march, quick time, to my house-steward; he will be your commissary." The General had no need to repeat his request: they suddenly disappeared.

The festival was ushered in by a fine cloudless day. The good and lovely Evelina was conducted from her residence with great pomp. Her fine auburn tresses were wreathed with flowers; flowers were strewed along her path. Upon the green lawn,

bedecked as the place of coronation, the Pastor addressed the spectators in a short impressive discourse, pointing out the superior advantages of a course of prudent and virtuous conduct, as contrasted with an opposite career. The General next placed the rose-crown on the fair maiden's brows, little dreaming, at the moment, he was bestowing the prize of excellence on his own long-lost child, whose fate, and that of her mother, he had vainly mourned for years. As little could he have conjectured that his ancient friend Count Lindenkron, the courtier, would be the cause—hardly, we fear, the innocent cause, of making so interesting a discovery; for a certain feeling of revenge was still lurking in his heart, on account of the fright Evelina had thrown him into the day before. He had matured his design; and such was the happy sequel of it.

After the festivities of the day, the parties had withdrawn late in the evening into the Castle. While there, engaged in different amusing games and dances, Evelina was informed that a fine lady wished to speak with her in another apartment. She followed her informant's steps, and was conducted into the presence of the strange lady, who requested her to be seated near her. She was alone: she threw her arms round Evelina, and saluted her most warmly. The fair girl shrunk back intimidated; but was terrified at being clasped closer in the lady's arms than before. She shrieked out repeatedly; and, the next moment, Erick, the young forester,

(and her reputed lover,) rushed into the room, and, observing the sleeves of a man's coat under the strange lady's gown, instantly knocked her down, and released the trembling Evelina.

No sooner had Erick performed this feat, than in hobbled a party of the skeleton regiment, and boldly took up a position, with a demonstration to seize upon the young forester. But the athletic champion warned them off, begging they "would not compel him to lay a heavy hand upon so respectable a body of veterans; for if they did not respect his person, he would shuffle them all together like a pack of cards, and throw them out of the window." But the Count, now rising, joined their standard, and encouraged them to the attack; and, the old General rushing in at the same moment, a scene took place that beggars all description: Evelina fainting—Erick swearing—the Count without his wig, mopping and mowing like a monkey, in a lady's dress—and the veteran invalids shouldering their crutches, "showing how fields were *not* won." In the midst of all this hubbub, in burst another personage, a lady in deep mourning, exclaiming, "My daughter! where is my long-lost daughter?" She withdrew her veil, and the General started and uttered an exclamation of terror, as he gazed on her countenance. "Adelaide! my own! my lost one! is it true? Alas! I believed you had been long dead."

The lady seemed little less surprised. "False, treacherous Mowbray!" she cried, "false to your

trust as a husband and a father;—how could you desert us? I, too, believed you fallen in battle; and, had it not been for the excellent Pastor, who adopted my little Evelina as his child, we had never lived to reproach you."

"Alas!" returned the General, "you cannot reproach me so severely as my own conscience has done. Yet, believe me, I have again and again sought to discover you. I was even assured both you and my child were dead; but thus to meet is an over-payment for all our sufferings."

The General clasped to his bosom his weeping wife and daughter; the veterans were ordered to counter-march; the old Count slunk away to adjust his gown; and young Erick, taking Evelina's hand, sank upon his knees before the General, and entreated his blessing. T. Roscoe.

THE QUARREL.

> "Pray Heaven, she be not jealous by some tales
> That have been told her lately!
> ———— Hath no Love's harbinger,
> No looks, no letters, pass'd 'twixt you and her?"
>
> *All Fools.*

"If that sweet lute, whose breath divine,
Was like the wind-harp's sigh,
Hath waked for other ears than mine,
Then—lay the false thing by:
And let some other harp, or lute,
Breathe out its tones for me;

Oh! those false things should aye be mute,
Whose breath is treachery!

"You said the harp that Sybill loved,
Should wake alone for her:
Thy faith is gone,—thy falsehood proved,
Thou guileful flatterer!
If other lips be now thy vine,
And fairer arms thy zone;
Then, faithless! lay it on the shrine
That once was Sybill's own."

I took the lute, the river cross'd,—
That lone and lovely spot:
"Oh! yet," she, weeping, said, "tho' lost
To me,—destroy it not;
Time may wash out, ere all too late,
The stain that blots it now;
And years of silence expiate
The false-one's broken vow."

I ask'd to take a last farewell,
Ere I might part it so;
Then breathed an old forgotten spell
Of many a day ago.
"Oh! play, play on," she said, "and keep
The lute;—it may betray;
But while you wake it, I will weep,
To wash the sin away!"

SONG.

BY H. F. CHORLEY, ESQ.

How long, since we two parted,
  The path of time appears!
Return, thou faithless-hearted!
  I call thee back with tears.
The roar of war, which rended
  The skies, hath died away;
Our loud rejoicings ended:—
  And where dost thou delay?

We have roses by our dwelling,
  Making fragrant all the air;
And the nightingale is telling
  Her tale of sorrow there:
These flowers could once delight thee,
  That music charm of yore;—
Oh! let its strain invite thee
  To return to us once more!

We have hearts—more kind and tender
  Thou ne'er, perchance, shalt see;
They wait but to surrender
  Their willing love to thee.
Return, and smiles shall meet thee,
  If words are all too vain;
And the voice of song shall greet thee,
  Singing, "Welcome back again!"

FROM THE SLAVONIAN.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Žáden něwj, co ge laska.

Let no man talk of love who ne'er
  Hath known its thrills of joy and woe;
Oh! I would fain have sought my dear,
  But she said—No!
Now must I seek her—needs must seek,—
  I cannot bear a thought like this;
Her lovely lips, her lovely cheek,
  I long to kiss.

Oh! that I were a little dove,
  Then would I nestle in her breast:
Live, linger round my own sweet love,
  There take my rest:
And I would whisper all my care,
  Her guide, her guardian angel be;
And ask—Dost thou love *me*, thou fair,
  As I love thee?

Indeed I love thee—to conceal
  That love were but an idle art;
My thoughts, my looks, my words unveil
  The secret heart.
Where'er I go, thine image goes,
  Still flitting like a shadow by;
And I should find a blest repose,
  If thou wert nigh.

Sweet maid! sweet maid! thou early flower!
Thou star that lights with loveliest rays!
Oh! thou hast wasted many an hour
Of youth's best days—
My youth's best days! A turtle-dove,
That wooes, invites, and disappears:
Thou fillest all my soul with love,
My eyes with tears!

SONNET.

BY EDWARD MOXON, ESQ.

Sweet Hesperus! thou diamond on the brow
Of Ethiopian night, retard awhile
Thy pilgrimage to that Elysian isle,
Where nightly thou art bound; and me allow,
Meek messenger of Love! on thee to gaze.
Methinks, pure star! now looking on thy face,
That like the Moon thou shin'st with borrow'd grace,
And yet deservest well men's wonderous praise.
In loveliest feature proudly now I see
Why thou in heaven outrivall'st thy compeers.
My love is surely here a sun to thee:
Thine is the chaste and gracious smile she wears;
Reflective, thus she lends thee matchless light,
And with her beauty thou adorn'st the night.

VICTORIA COLONNA.*

A STORY OF THE MILANESE.

In the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in one of the suburbs of Milan, is to be seen, on the left of the altar, a portrait of a female of great beauty, in a peasant dress, though her features and air are evidently those of noble blood. The picture was a donative from the citizens, for a signal preservation effected by the illustrious and lovely subject of the following story.

In the wars of Francis I. and Charles V., in the early part of the sixteenth century, the north of Italy, and especially the whole country of the Milanese, was devastated by the contending armies; yet still more by those troops of Condottieri, which hired themselves to either sovereign alike, and, without regarding the laws of war, lived at free quarters. They were chiefly formed of deserters from both armies, and, of course, abounded in desperate and reckless spirits; but their leaders were often men of brilliant abilities, possessing a wild but high sense of chivalric honour, and, if fierce in the field, yet ostentatiously courtly and magnificent in their castles.

One of the most memorable of those captains of Condottieri, was Stefano Diamanti, whose first appearance in Italy instantly concentered all eyes upon him. He had led his troop across the lower Alps

* See the Frontispiece.

from Provence, by routes which had been thought impassable for even the goatherds; and had fallen upon the Piedmontaise posted in the defiles with such extraordinary vigour and success, that several thousand men were scattered before an almost invisible enemy, and fled to the gates of Turin, exclaiming that they owed their defeat to magic. Every day brought some new account of defeat or devastation; and in quarters so remote from each other, that the first report of the Piedmontaise fugitives began to be seriously believed; and, in an age of Italian superstition, when mental darkness, military havoc, and the general tumult and disturbance of society, made men willing to take refuge in the belief, that the evil agencies of another world were busy in adding to the natural calamities of kingdoms, Diamanti was but another name for the spirit of darkness; and his gallant freebooters were speedily invested with the wings, talons, and tails of a legion of Lucifers on a smaller scale. But there was nothing imaginary in their effect; for, since the first French soldier that trod the snows of the Alps, nothing had ever equalled the devastations of Diamanti, where any thing in the interest of Charles was to be attacked. Woe be to the village that had ever quartered the German Lanzknechts!* the last company of the corps was not out of the village, before it was in flames over their heads. Woe be to the Grand Convent that had sent its wine and fruits

* A famous body of spearmen in the Imperial service.

to the Imperialist general! the night was not over, before the roofs were in a blaze, the cells stript, and the high-born lord abbot and his fat community of monks were flying, half naked, through the country, and rejoiced to escape with their lives. Woe be to the stately chateau, where the black adler* had ever displayed its wings over the gates! the dawn saw it sending up volumes of smoke from its piles of gilded furniture, pictures, and family pomp; and nothing but the massive walls left to show what it had been.

The results of this singular activity were among the most memorable of a war abounding in extraordinary changes and brilliant exploits. They entirely renovated, within a few months, the face of French affairs, which had been hitherto in a desponding state through the rashness and violence of Lautrec, the commandant of the troops of Francis in the Milanese. His celebrated defeat by Gonsalvo, named the Great Captain, and his subsequent pursuit by D'Alviano, had totally broken up his army, and driven him to take refuge in Milan. But Diamanti, the chivalric leader of the Condottieri, effected what had defied the sword and the dexterity of the French generals.

The Imperial officers were perpetually baffled, and their partisans visited with a sudden and sweeping vengeance, whose invisible agency rendered it still more terrible: until their troops, already weary of

* The standard of the Imperial Eagle.

disaster, and rejoiced at an opportunity of escape, flung away their arms at the very rumour of the Condottieri's approach, and declared that though they were willing to face men, they were not enlisted to fight against Satan and his crew. The Imperialists rapidly withdrew from the Milanese, and, throwing their best troops into Mantua and some of the other fortresses in their line of march to the Tyrol, moved towards the frontier.

This calm lasted a few weeks; when a strange rumour rose in Milan of an insurrection in the Bolognese, of the burning of the villages along the Adige, and of the seizure of the French Envoy on his way to France. The narrative was attended with so many singular circumstances of dexterity, bold enterprise, and rapid execution, that all tongues at once pronounced the name of Stefano Diamanti. But all those attacks had been made on the French, his former friends: the Bolognese were notoriously in the French interest, the villages on the Adige were filled with French connexions and colonists, and the seizure of the Envoy was, in itself, an act of the most contemptuous and inveterate hostility.

The cause was not explained till long after. Diamanti was the son of one of the impoverished nobles of Verona, whom the German Emperors had driven into Lombardy. Thus born in exile, and with a hereditary hostility to the Imperial influence, his first use of the sword had been to fight the battles of France; but his genius was too keen not to

perceive the errors of the French generals, his spirit too bold to relish being directed by their commands, and his passion for independent enterprise too ardent to be contented with the tardy movements of regular troops. After a few campaigns in the Royal Guard, he threw his French commission at the head of the hoary coxcomb who commanded his regiment, flung his embroidered coat into the Adige, and, adopting the iron helmet, scarlet cloak, and Ferrarese falchion of the Condottieri, summoned to his retreat in the Lower Alps all the daring spirits of his time.

His successes in the late campaign had attracted the notice of Francis, who invited him to his court, then held at Fontainebleau. Francis, the most sumptuous and chivalric monarch of Christendom, loved a soldier, and loved him the better for being bold even to wildness. It was he who had written to his great antagonist, Charles, in a strain worthy of an ancient knight:—"You and I are rivals; but we are not therefore enemies. We are in love with the same mistress, whom we must seek with ardour, but with respect: no hatred needs mingle in our passion."

The celebrated Marquis de Fleuranges, whose name makes so conspicuous a figure in the annals of the French court, was his introducer; and Diamanti's gallant form, animation of manner, and heroic fame, did the rest. The king was lavish of his opulence and honours upon this restorer of his cause. Of

three Arab horses, of the choicest breed of the desert, sent to him by the Emperor of Morocco, he gave the Italian two; and a leash of falcons trained for the Sultan, and sent by him as the highest present of honour to his ally, Francis, were transferred by him to Diamanti, with a message, in the allegorical language of the time, intimating that their flight, strength of wing, and courage, rendered them fit emblems of a warrior "for whom nothing was too high and nothing too hazardous."

But the tide of royal favour was to turn. At one of the court balls, Diamanti saw the lady Victoria Colonna, the niece of Cardinal Jeronimo, of that illustrious family. She was seventeen, in the bloom of life,—a magnificent Italian beauty. Diamanti felt that his enslaver was come. The fiery spirit of the soldier was now converted into the ardour of the lover; and it flamed with more than its old intensity. The lovely Colonna was not insensible to the delight of being worshipped by a young hero, who was one of the handsomest men of his time, and whose exploits threw all others into the shade. But the Cardinal judged differently: he haughtily reproved the lover's presumption, and, to make his reproof effectual, demanded the interference of the king. Francis had his weak side, and it was the pride of birth. He was, besides, naturally capricious in his attachments, and he had already grown weary of paying honour to a brilliancy of mind and fame which, he now began to

think, might, even in the eyes of his courtiers, eclipse his own. He availed himself of the Cardinal's demand, to indulge in his own discontents; and, in a formal interview with the Italian, gave his opinion directly against favouring his suit. Diamanti retired in dismay; but, on that evening, a secret conference with "his lady-love," at a masquerade, decided him on a second trial. It was worse than ineffectual: the king was now irritable, and he haughtily let drop hints of the obscurity of his birth, who pretended to the hand of the noblest daughter of Italy.

This was agony to the proud spirit of the adventurer. Even in the royal presence he half unsheathed his sword; but, recollecting himself, he plunged it again into the scabbard, and, bowing to the monarch, with a bitter smile, said, in a low tone, "that he hoped the time would come when even *his* blood might be worth the notice of majesty."

Francis answered only by a smile and a wave of the hand, as the suitor retired; but the fiery glance, and the deep tone, rested on his mind: he saw vengeance there, and suddenly ordered that the Italian should be forbidden to quit the palace; but the order came too late. Diamanti, on quitting the royal presence, had instantly taken horse, and galloped into the forest: the royal troopers were out before nightfall in all directions; but their pursuit was fruitless. The first intelligence of the Captain of Condottieri was the stirring up of hostilities in the east, middle, and north of Italy, at the same moment. He had

offered his services to the Imperialists; and Francis, in the bitterness of remorse, cried out that "Germany had gained one soldier who was worth an army of twenty thousand men."

But the French king was himself a knight, and not untouched with the romantic valour that once sent the Paladins and Cœur-de-lions, sword in hand, through the world. Every hour brought accounts of disaster from Italy. Pescara, the most famous officer of the Emperor's service, had descended from the Tyrol with a powerful army; and the French supremacy beyond the Alps seemed near its close. The king assembled, with extraordinary rapidity, a force of forty thousand men, passed the Alps, and plunged into Lombardy. Pescara, startled by this sudden arrival, left the Milanese open, and slowly retired to Pavia. Francis exultingly followed, fell into the snare laid for him by his more sagacious adversary, fought the battle of Pavia, and in one day was a king and a captive, the most splendid sovereign of Europe and a powerless and ruined dependent on the will of his rival and conqueror. Diamanti had there enjoyed his full revenge. When the German spearmen, appalled by the desperate valour of the Guards that fought round the royal person, were shrinking from the attack, the Captain of the Condottieri solicited leave from Pescara to try the lances of his followers on the enemy. The request was joyfully granted. Diamanti rode at the head of his column, and burst upon the gallant but

wearied Guard with irresistible force: the struggle was desperate, but it was soon over. Francis, covered with blood and dust, was on the point of being cut down by the broadsword of one of the Condottieri, when Diamanti, springing from his horse, saved the king; and, taking off his helmet, made his obeisance, uttering the words: "Your Majesty sees that obscure blood may still serve a monarch." Francis was silent; but with a dejected brow, and a compressed lip, he suffered a soldier's cloak to be thrown across his shoulders; and, escorted by a company of the Condottieri, walked across the field to the tent of the Imperial general.

Yet the war was unfinished, while Milan remained the refuge of the French interest. Numbers of the fugitives from the battle had escaped thither; and now was the time to exterminate the power of France in Italy.

Diamanti, inveterate against every thing that bore the name of France, rushed to the city with his troop, now augmented by a crowd of the noblest soldiers of Italy, proud of serving under his banner. He swept the country of all the stragglers, and instantly commenced a rigorous blockade of Milan. In an age when sieges were but little understood; to reduce a populous city, famine was the established *tactique:*—the smaller towns were stormed. In a few weeks Milan was reduced to extremity; but the authorities, overawed by the French garrison, dared not propose a surrender. At length, one

evening, as Diamanti sat at supper, an arrow fell at his feet, with a note containing these words:

"You love, and are beloved. Will you see her whom you love dying in agony? How can you answer to yourself, your mistress, or Heaven, for the multitude whom a few days more must see perish within these walls? Be merciful, if you would receive mercy at your dying hour."

Diamanti knew the hand; and his mind underwent a sudden revolution. "Victoria was within the walls." He felt that he was persecuting *her*,—that every moment was reducing *her* to the grave. He imaged her drooping before him, the colour leaving her cheek, her brilliant eyes lustreless, her noble spirit passing away in misery, her last words charging him with her death. He grew gloomy and wretched at the conception. That night he spent wandering round the walls, and regretting the desperate duties of a soldier's career.

At morn he had flung himself down in his tent, overpowered by the fatigues of the night, when he was awakened by the entrance of the captain of the trenches, to tell him that the citizens, unable any longer to provide for their women and children, had sent them outside the gates: the officer was come for orders to drive them in, as was usual in blockades, to augment the consumption of the remaining provisions. But that night's thoughts had changed the temper of Diamanti's mind. He rode to the trenches, and ordered the melancholy multitude to advance:

they came in slow and sad procession, mothers leading their children, elder sisters their younger:—age, youth, and infancy, pale and thin, and coming as from the tomb. Many of them, to conciliate the favour of the rude soldiery, had brought little presents of embroidery, money, fruit, and the other gifts that they could save from the wreck of war.

The Condottieri, wild as they were, were melted by the spectacle; and, with Italian sensibility, grieved over the fortunes of the field. But there was one among the exiles who attracted every eye: she was a peasant bearing a basket of fruit, and leading an infant, her sister, by the hand. The bystanders were so struck with her beauty, even in its dejection, that the rumour drew out the whole camp; and, as she slowly passed along with her countrywomen, the murmur of admiration was universal. It reached their commander's ears; and, unwilling as he was to witness the sight, which reminded him so deeply of the misfortunes of her whom he loved, and who was destined to perish by the obstinacy of the city; he returned from his tent to see the new wonder. The peasant approached: the Condottieri saw, with surprise, her cheek, which had been pale as death, suddenly suffused with the richest colour of the rose. Their wonder was still greater, when they saw their captain, the man of desperate valour and avowed revenge, rush forward and kneel at the peasant's feet.

The story is told:—Victoria, believing that she

must die, whether within the walls of the famishing city, or by the swords of the Condottieri, whom rumour had charged with a remorseless rage of massacre, determined to see her lover once before she died. She saw him, and found his proud heart devoted to her with the faith of inextinguishable passion. He was now determined that neither King nor Cardinal should divide them more. In his camp he was both King and Cardinal: the marriage was celebrated in the midst of shouts of the Condottieri, and prayers and blessings of the multitude whom he had saved. Victoria's first request was the safety of Milan, and her next, to be the bearer of Diamanti's proposals for the surrender. They were singularly mild, and were accepted by the citizens with acclamation. The French garrison marched out, with a safe conduct to the Alps. Diamanti and his bride were received with the honours of a triumph. The Condottieri were taken into the service of the city; and Diamanti, appointed the general of the troops of Milan, long sustained the fortunes of the state with distinguished honour, and finally founded the most illustrious family of the Milanese.

Φωστης.

THE END.

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